

Punch

9d



The secret of my Martinis? Martini!
Simple! But isn't it amazing what
a difference real Martini makes!
I use Martini Dry and gin, well chilled.
Delicious! Let's have another.



Better drink

MARTINI

PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXVII No. 6204

August 26 1959



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*For overseas rates see page 92

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The London Charivari

EIGHTEEN months ago, constant readers will recall, *Punch* serialized Alan Hackney's novel *I'm All Right Jack* with illustrations by folkies. Well, now, since then *I'm All Right Jack* has been made into a film by the Boulting Brothers and according to the *Express* has become "This year's conversational gambit." "You're out of it," said a front page banner, "if you can't talk about it" and referred the reader to page 6. On page 6 there appeared the first part of a new serial by Peter Evans, called, surprisingly, "I'm All Right Jack." No mention of Mr. Hackney, and of course no mention of *Punch*. You're all right, Beaverbrook.

Touchstone

THE villagers in Perak who test the integrity of parliamentary candidates by making them swim a crocodile-infested river set a fine example. We need not



be deterred by a local shortage of crocodiles, as we can always invite aspiring politicians to voice a liberal idea at the Conservative Women's Conference.

Straw in Wind

THOUGH work is still in progress on the new road from Holborn Circus to Fetter Lane, the far-from-finished surface is



already covered, in every clear patch between contractors' huts and concrete-mixers, with parked cars.

Floreat! Florebit

I ASKED our Old Etonian Correspondent why Prince Charles had to go to Eton, and not, say, Guildford Royal Grammar. The question seemed to embarrass him, and he shuffled about a bit before answering "Guildford Grammar? Wouldn't that be a bit ostentatious? Eton's a good school too, and it is handy for the Castle. And he'll meet a very mixed bag there, you know, very mixed. And of course he'll have a room of his own from the word go, which means he might even get a spot of privacy. Last time in his life, I dare say."

Stuck all the Same

JAMMED motorists have been smiling over the A.A.'s warning that "adhesion

COLOUR ADVERTISEMENTS

The advertisements in colour in this issue had gone to press before the printing dispute arose. They appear in their present form thanks to the co-operation of the advertisers concerned.



between tyres and the road is now lower than at any time during the past three years."

Standing Orders

WHAT is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare? But it isn't a question of time, we have no *right* to stand—as a London magistrate pointed out last week, fining a reckless Stepney boiler maintainer who refused to move on in the street. "The law states you have only the right to walk up and down, not stand," the desperado was told. He was a man of fifty-three, old enough, he could have pleaded in extenuation, to have heard George Formby's father inciting twice-nightly audiences to crime, year in, year out, by openly boasting "I was standing at the corner of the street." Now he has time, while deciding whether to pay a £2 fine or go to prison for fourteen days, to ponder St. Paul's far-sighted advice to the Corinthians "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Now for 3D

IN Blackpool, ever in the van when it is a matter of utilizing the advances of show business to minister to human happiness, the Chief Constable has colour films taken of wounds so that by the time a case is heard, even if the victim is better, the Court can see what he was like on the night. This new

extension of the film of dangerous driving and the tape-recording of the blackmailer's threats must be welcomed by all lovers of technology, the judiciary and Blackpool. The next steps seem to be stereophonic sound for neighbours' quarrels and "the smellies" for recording the breath of drunken drivers.

Get Over

ONE of those professional holiday-makers recently told his Sunday readers that in a tour of Britain's coastline he "discovered a new thrill around almost every corner." And most of them on the wrong side of the road.

The Inscrutable East

A NOTICE in the Japanese Embassy says that visitors must use the lift; they may use the stairs only if the lift is out of order. Possible explanations are an atavistic dread of stair spirits, alarm lest visitors unused to saké may slide down the stairs on lacquer trays, or fear that the County Councils Association, who share the premises, might lure visitors off their route and undermine their devotion to the Japanese Way of Life. However, it is probably just a hangover from the rapid industrialization of Japan; to use old-fashioned methods when modern gadgets are available would cause loss of face. Very likely in the depths of the building there are notices forbidding the use of



"Permission to cross the ruddy street to post a letter?"

silken fans unless the air-conditioning has broken down.

Hardly Cricket

THOSE irritated by muddled press reports of the fighting in northern Laos should remember what the journalist on the spot is up against. As *The Times* points out, Thai-dam tribesmen involved in skirmishes between Laos and North Viet Nam "can pose either as Laotians or Viet-Nameese as the situation requires."

Shoo!

MORE than one report has leaked out of the U.S.S.R. lately describing experiments over there with some form of ornithopter which enables men to fly by flapping their arms. Aeronautical circles aren't seriously worried over here, but the Westminster City Council think they may be in for some trouble dislodging the colonies of Russian birdmen from the buildings in Trafalgar Square.

On the Beaches

YEAR after year, with ghastly regularity, perhaps ten, perhaps twenty holidaymakers, who have survived the dangers of the journey to the coast, die on the beaches; not far out at sea, not victims of their own folly in swimming beyond their strength, but romping about within hail of the shore. They get, as the phrase goes, into difficulties. It is permissible to ask whether everything is done by the local authorities that could be done to avoid these tragedies. At how many of these beaches, these popular bays and coves, is there a lifeguard, a watcher in a boat, so much as a piece of rope attached to a lifebuoy? Help for the drowning, if it comes at all, comes usually from other holidaymakers, who sometimes die too in giving it. The local authority points proudly to a notice, erected entirely at its own expense, reading "It is Dangerous to Bathe at Low Water." Well, of course, these notices are better than nothing. But they do not tell the foolish bather, who knows nothing about undertow and powerful cross-currents, that it may be dangerous—as it often is—even to go in up to his waist. And so, if he is unlucky, he does. Could not the people who live along our coasts, not slow to take the holidaymaker's money, spend a tiny fraction of it to save his life?



Prompter Eisenhower: "... as gently as any sucking dove."

THE ROAD TO 1984



A series of probes for proles.

This week's subject is . . .

China and the Far East by RAWLE KNOX

CHINA It was the year when the population of mainland China topped the thousand million mark. This must have happened several years earlier but for the two disastrous famines of the past quarter century, which may have caused several million deaths. (Official figures were never given by Peking. Many officials were arrested, and a few executed, for "old thinking in food distribution.") The Immigration-Aid Treaties (see SOUTH-EAST ASIA) had also helped to keep down the population within China.

China became the world's largest producer of iron and steel. Despite a good harvest, agricultural production again failed to meet consumption, and food-grains were imported from several countries of South-East Asia.

It is too early to say whether the policy trend towards liberalization pursued by the "Young Gardeners"¹ as the Communist group now in power is called, will be affected by the Formosa² revolt, which occurred late in the year. Island-wide risings occurred, apparently as a result of Peking's decision to dis-

mantle Formosa's "obsolete" industries in order to grow more food, and the diversion of the island's rice exports from Japan to China, at less profit to Formosans.

Throughout 1984 the Peking Government encouraged further exchanges with Western countries in all cultural fields. Interest in English and other European languages rapidly increased after the study of them was made easier by the introduction in all schools of the Roman script in place of the old Chinese characters. The Minister of Education said in Peking that this step has increased China's capacity to learn in technical subjects by over 500 per cent in the last decade.

Communes continued to be disbanded as "contrary to the spirit of true socialism." To promote the "Back to the Family" movement the government organized "Best Husband" and "Best Wife" competitions throughout China. In the cities both sexes began to wear European clothes, and a group of French fashion models gave an exhibition in Peking.

In one respect there was no relaxation. Any nostalgia for the recent Communist past was heavily frowned upon. Five elderly persons found burning joss-sticks at the former birthplace of Mao Tse-tung (now destroyed to make room for an abattoir) were executed in public.

Peking appointed its first ambassador of purely Tibetan stock—to New Delhi. He brought with him for the Indian President special blessings from the Dalai Lama.³

SOUTH-EAST ASIA The social and racial pattern continued to change with the arrival of Chinese emigrants under the terms of the Immigration-Aid Treaties.⁴ South Vietnam, America's last ally on the Asian mainland, had been suffering increasingly over the past few years from local attacks on the

³The Dalai Lama was an exile in India for several years after 1959. He was persuaded to return to Tibet by a deputation of Tibetan monks who arrived from Peking, and assured him that religious liberty prevailed in his country. Little has been heard of him since.

⁴In the mid-seventies China began to sign a series of treaties with the small nations of South-East Asia whereby she was entitled to send emigrants of a number "to be determined annually" in exchange for industrial, technical and educational aid. Laos, Cambodia, Burma and Thailand, all underpopulated countries, signed these agreements. Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia went into exile, as did U Kyaw Nyein, the Burmese Minister of Economy. Both blamed the Western powers for lack of support. All the governments concerned consulted India before signing with China. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Indian premier, counselled against any action that might bring the spirit of the cold war into Asia.

¹The "Young Gardeners," who succeeded in wresting control of the Party from the rump of the Liu Shao-chi group in the late seventies, are so-called because of a passage in their first manifesto, which runs: "Let us create fresh blossoms, watering them with the truth of Marxist-Leninism rather than letting them waste in the sands of hidden thinking."

²Not long after the death of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, which was followed by some political instability on Formosa, the United States recognized the People's

Republic of China, which took its place on the U.N. Security Council. Formosa was to retain its autonomy, though acknowledging the suzerainty of Peking. However, during the demobilization of the old "Nationalist Army," which was in the hands of Marshal Chiang Ching-kuo, eldest son of the late Generalissimo, a military coup took place which resulted in the Formosa army coming under Communist control, though Marshal Chiang still retained his position. Russia and China vetoed discussion of the affair in the Security Council, ruling it an "internal matter" for China.

Cambodian and North Vietnamese borders and from illegal immigration.⁸ She cut loose from the United States in 1984 and signed a treaty with China. In return China promised all-Vietnamese elections under United Nations auspices within five years.

In the "treaty countries," the indigenous inhabitants tended more and more to look for government jobs, or the lesser skilled jobs in the industries the Chinese were creating. State-aided Chinese immigrants were buying the better land, and the local farmers, whose ancestors had worked the land for centuries, were drifting into the towns. The Chinese were changing the face of the map. In 1984 they got both Cambodian and South Vietnamese Governments to agree to a vast irrigation scheme that would involve diversions of the Mekong on both sides of the border. All work and costs would be undertaken by the Chinese.

What most helped to allay criticism of the Chinese, apart from their export of cheap liquor (Shanghai in 1984 distilled more gallons of potable alcohol than any other city in the world), was their export of cheap films. China took over the East Asian film market, outside India. In 1984 the Chinese were turning out films in every language of the area and in several local dialects. Local stars were discovered, taken to Peking, and highly paid. Cinema attendance figures in the region jumped by 400 per cent in six years, in spite of the Chinese installation of television networks in all the "treaty countries." Complete success was assured by the constant use of slender variations on a plot which one sociologist has called "local Tarzan makes good."

Only, and ironically, in Malaya was there resistance to the insidious Chinese tide. A fraternal delegation of overseas Chinese visited the Malayan Government—itsself entirely Chinese dominated since shortly after the merger of the Federation of Malaya and Singapore—and suggested Malaya should increase its import quota of Chinese. The

Malayan premier, Mr. Lim Chin Siong, and his Minister of Economy, Mr. James Puthuchery, reminded their visitors that one result of the Immigration-Aid Treaties had been a sharp drop in rice exports from Burma and Thailand. Malaya was finding it difficult and expensive to feed her own population, without further immigration. Mr. Lim Chin Siong, who thirty years before had been gaoled by the British for Communist activities in Singapore, now found himself too close to Peking.

While the local peoples of the "treaty countries" appeared moderately content, the Malays of Malaya appealed to the United Nations, accusing the Chinese Malaysians of crimes against them ranging from genocide to tight purse-strings, especially the latter. Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, Malaya's permanent representative at the United Nations, was at a loss to understand the complaint.

JAPAN Japan led the world again in electrical and optical exports, but in Asia she lost ground to China in heavy industrial and consumer goods. Speaking on "Anti-Fall Out Day" (August 6), the young Japanese premier, who at the age of five survived the atom bomb on Hiroshima, said: "We are a nation of 180,000,000, and we must export or die. The Japanese People's Monarchy⁹ is a democratic State, pledged to peace and independence between the power blocs. We have got rid of the "old guard" of sinister feudalists. Your government is socialist and gives the people what

⁹ After the final election breakthrough of the socialists in Japan against the conservative-liberal grouping, which died extremely hard, a new constitution was framed which made it almost impossible for the opposition ever to regain power. The monarchy was completely "democratized," and Monegasque advisers were attached to King Ahito's Imperial Palace.



⁸ Towards the end of the sixties, the United States decided that SEATO had "outlived its usefulness," and signed bilateral security pacts with Thailand and South Vietnam (she already had one with the Philippines). Thailand abrogated her pact after a *coup d'état* which abolished the monarchy. (King Phumiphon was absent in the United States at the time.) The new Thai premier, an army colonel, then signed a treaty with China.



they want. But the people must give the government the work it wants."

Japan's armament industry thrived, though she herself still only maintained a small "Self Defence Force." Some idea of the outlets for the industry came with a sudden *coup d'état* in Brazil, which put into the presidency a third generation immigrant of pure Japanese stock. Both the arming and the organization of the coup had an efficiency unusual for South America. The new president at once concluded an arms agreement with Japan, and called in Japanese technical consultants for his proposed five-year plan. The United States and other Latin American States took alarm and began a careful check of the extent of Japanese immigration and reproduction in South America over the past three decades.

HONG KONG The Governor (Sir Kenneth Topley) watched the first pile driven into the harbour for a land reclamation task which would provide a new course for the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club when Fanling was ceded to China on the expiry of the ninety-nine-year lease in 1987.

THE PHILIPPINES The United States again agreed to pay an enhanced price for hemp as part of a military and economic agreement with the Philippines. A Democratic senator complained in Washington that it would be cheaper to tie up American ships with ropes of Japanese pearls.

SOUTH KOREA Speaking on his one hundred and tenth birthday, President Syngman Rhee said that the threat of Communist invasion from North Korea was greater than ever before, and called for increased American aid to combat the threat.

CEYLON After a boycott of British kerosene (as a protest against "foreign capitalist exploitation"), the Shell Company agreed to build its second refinery in Ceylon to help solve the employment problem. The project was postponed when Tamil workers refused to sign contracts written in Sinhalese.

GENERAL China through 1984 continued to pursue successfully her policy of peaceful expansion. But her prompt recognition of the People's Democratic Republic of Bengal,⁷ and her offer of military aid to the new State, brought her for the first time into open conflict with India.

⁷ After years of lawlessness, border conflicts, and considerable gun-running in Indian and Pakistani Bengal, India and Pakistan at last agreed to United Nations intervention, while they withdrew their own forces from the two provinces. The result was the dispatch of the (Bengal) United Nations Disarmament Expedition to Restore Law, Order and Goodwill (BUNDERLOG). A Nicaraguan battalion of BUNDERLOG in Dacca was surprised by a group of armed men, and all its weapons were seized. A revolutionary committee then proclaimed the establishment of a "secular, democratic and united" Bengal State. India and Pakistan refused recognition.

India, now with a population of 550,000,000 (excluding Bengal), had managed, thanks to careful planning—repaid by the confidence of foreign investors—to provide food for the multiplying mouths and also, with cheap consumer goods, rural water and electrification schemes, to raise somewhat the standard of living. Her exports found their best markets in Africa, though they met heavy Chinese and Japanese competition.

After the abortive "Business Men's Revolt,"⁸ Mrs. Indira Gandhi had been made premier in the hope that her reputation, and that of her father, would stem the trend towards provincial separatism. The aim of a Hindi-speaking State was again postponed, and the intensive study of English encouraged in all schools. But provincialism remained, and the secession of Bengal severely shook the Congress government.

It seemed that China, certain that India in time would have to embark on the policy of expansion which China had begun in the mid-seventies, was prepared to support Bengal as a buffer State. China, foreseeing the inevitable collision of the two greatest populations in Asia, was working to the Communist textbook by preparing to destroy the opposition from within.

⁸ A group of business men, worried at the divisions within the country, and hostile to the increasing government control of every branch of private industry had conspired with a group of officers to create a military *coup d'état*. Someone talked.

THE ROAD TO 1984

Other subjects for speculation in this series will include Russia, the Church, Industry, Space Travel, Domestic Politics, Africa, Population, Television, Entertainment and the Press. The contributors will be:

PETER BLACK
WILLIAM CLARK
DESMOND DONNELLY
TOM DRIBERG
ELSPETH HUXLEY
PAUL JOHNSON
LUDOVIC KENNEDY
PROFESSOR A. C. B. LOVELL
SIR HALFORD REDDISH
SUSAN STRANGE
DONALD TYERMAN

Public Offences

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

REPORTS from police forces in the chief towns indicate that the Public Offences Act, 1959, which became law last week, has had the desired effect. At Lord's police patrolling the terraces or "free" seats reported no new outbreak of shirtlessness. One or two men with heavily unbuttoned shirts had been told to move on, and a woman wearing a somewhat daring Dior-type décolletage had been mistakenly apprehended and subsequently released. Otherwise, in the St. John's Wood area, all was extremely quiet.

"We did not expect any trouble," one constable remarked. "The boys would be stupid to ignore the new act. I'm not saying we've seen the last of shirtlessness at Headquarters, but we've driven it underground—under the carpet, if you like—and if you ask me that's the proper place for it. Sir Pelham and Mr. Butler came down to the station this morning to congratulate us all on a fine achievement."

A taxi-driver said that the "old place" didn't seem the same somehow without its quota of bare torsos. "Some of 'em would hail us in the old days," he said, "and more or less slip their braces over their shoulders while they was in the cab. 'Grace Gate,' they'd shout, and in my mirror I could see 'em all ready stripped for the game. I liked it—made you realize it was summer an' all that. Still I suppose Gubby Allen knows what 'e's doing."

A stripper of Marylebone West was bitter about the new powers conferred on the police. "We'll think of some way round it," he said. "We'll not accept the *status quo* without a fight. I got a real tan on at the last Middlesex game, and I'm not parting with that without putting up a struggle. Do they think we come for the cricket or something?"

In the provinces the Public Offences Act has virtually cleared the county grounds of shirtlessness. "It is too early yet to assess the effect of the act," said an Old Trafford spokesman, "but here in the north we feel that the trouble will be stamped out. Lancashire still depends a good deal on its textiles,

the county club depends on the support of the manufacturers, and manufacturers depend on shirts for their brass. Where there's shirts there's money."

At two minutes after noon (the Act's deadline) a man at Bramall Lane was arrested for soliciting score-cards in a shirtless condition. He was placed on probation.

At Trent Bridge, Nottingham, an official told our reporter: "What this act will do is make our work easier by removing the necessity of proving annoyance. And it is annoying to sit next to a person known to be in favour of stripping. It's the parents who suffer most: children ask such strange questions (like 'Daddy, why hasn't that man's skin got a vest pattern like yours?'), and I don't see why people should pay good money to go to a cricket match and then be pestered."

But the happiest results of the act are seen at Lord's itself. One old boy, wearing a Foresters' tie at his neck and a Cryptics' around his waist (his blazer was open!) trained his binoculars on the Mound Stand and beamed with delight. "Man in the third row in E with an attached collar—otherwise all present and correct," he said. "D'you know

something, there's no better-dressed crowd anywhere nowadays than here at Headquarters, and that's as it should be. We've cleared out the riff-raff, thank heavens, and the grand old game can breathe again." "You've heard of a shirt-front wicket?" said another elderly member. "Well, that's what we're after next—shirt-fronts, stiff, like the ones we all used to wear. These modern contraptions—drip-dry and the rest—have no body to 'em. But we've got to make a start somewhere. Next year perhaps we'll insist on hats. Dam' nonsense people going without hats. How d'you raise your hat if you haven't got one, eh? Tell me that. Go on, tell me!"

And finally there was the verdict of a very Old Stoic. "I can bring my wife to a match again and that's something. We've cleaned Lord's of the trouble-makers. Perhaps we'll have a government soon that's bold enough to clean the streets."

☆

"Mattresses re-made, recovered; converted to spring interiors. City, country. "Man would like to meet girl; view above. Height 5 ft. 2 ins."

Dublin Evening Mail

I say, really.



Man in Apron by Larry



A Thousand and One Details

By H. F. ELLIS

EVERYBODY knows that, when Mr. James Hagerty, President Eisenhower's Press Secretary, came over here some days ago to discuss details of the President's visit, the press conference he held at London Airport lacked sparkle. Mr. Hagerty was tired. "I am here," he said, "to supervise the thousand and one details of the President's trip," including the arrangements for at least seventy-one American newspapermen. No, he didn't know whether the President would have a game of golf here. He spoke of security. "We have people who will be working with your security people," he said; and reporters eagerly noted down this bombshell. But pretty soon after that he called a halt to the rain of questions. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll go and get myself some sleep."

What is not so generally known is that one newsman, more dogged and resourceful than the rest, followed Mr. Hagerty to his hotel, slipped down the chimney into his bedroom, and tapped him on the shoulder as he was bending down to ease off his shoes. The following interview then took place:

MYSELF: I want to have you know me. I represent England's best and brightest periodical.

MR. HAGERTY: How in tarnation—
MYSELF: Excellent. May I quote you on that? It has a breezy, Western ring. Now, about these thousand and one details—where and when will the President be meeting Field-Marshal Montgomery?

MR. HAGERTY: I know of no such meeting. Now, look—

MYSELF: That leaves only nine hundred and ninety-nine then. Our readers would be interested to know whether Mr. Eisenhower will be bringing his own ice-cream machine, mobile laundry etc. Will his chef be in the first wave? One imagines he will have at least equal facilities with a U.S. aircrew?

MR. HAGERTY: What beats me is how you got in here.

MYSELF: We have people who work with people. And talking of people, I see that the President is anxious to meet the British. May I take it that he will be visiting one of the New Towns and dropping in for a cup of tea and a chat

with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith at "The Poplars," 96 Goldacre Road?

MR. HAGERTY: No. The purpose of Mr. Eisenhower's visit is to have talks with Mr. Macmillan at Chequers.

MYSELF: Then what becomes of the extraordinary coincidence that Mr. Smith served soup to the Supreme Commander at Casablanca in '43? Is it wise to rob Mr. Eisenhower of the chance of saying "Why, hullo there, Ernie! Didn't you serve soup to me at Casablanca in '43?"

MR. HAGERTY: Kindly get the hell out of here. I need some sleep.

MYSELF: About all these pressmen. I believe you mentioned seventy-one from the U.S.A. Other sources say a hundred and fifty—making, with our own and Continental reporters and cameramen, about five hundred to cover the talks at Chequers. In view of the fact that nothing of the slightest importance will be reported by any of this cloud of locusts, except the final communiqué, if that, don't you think that fifty or a hundred would be enough to describe the herbaceous borders and photograph cars arriving and departing?

MR. HAGERTY: You have soot on your nose.

MYSELF: Try to avoid getting bogged down in detail. It's the broad, general picture I am after. What chance has anyone got of seeing Mr. Eisenhower if he is going to move about with a retinue of five hundred pressmen? I suppose you realize that the press gets far more publicity out of these visits than anyone else. Cameramen photograph each other mostly. As Press Secretary it's your job to see that your President gets the limelight. We think highly of him over here, but you've got to realize that Mr. Nixon is more of a personality with most of us just now. Can't you get Mr. Eisenhower involved in a friendly shouting match with Monty on TV? They could be going round the Imperial War Museum together.

MR. HAGERTY: I hope to have the opportunity of talking with your people about all these—

MYSELF: Well, stop fiddling with your braces and talk with one of them now. Did you know that hot-dog stands are being moved from lay-bys? That's the kind of point you want to keep in mind, if the President is going up to Scotland by road. And another thing. The President will be quite safe here without a motor-cycle escort fore and aft. We had enough of that with Khrushchev. The only people he needs protection from are these five hundred pressmen, who will crowd him into a corner, given half a chance, and worry him to death with awkward questions.

MR. HAGERTY: I doubt whether many of them will climb down his chimney.

MYSELF: Touché, you old rascal. It's vital, though, that the President should see Britain as it is, and not through a haze of hysterical newspapermen. We don't want to have him under-rating us, as Khrushchev is said to under-rate the U.S.A. Couldn't he take a trip on the Serpentine, with Mr. Macmillan shouting to the bathers to ask whether they were slaves? He might have a look at one or two of our reactors as well. There seems to be an idea in America that the way to keep Europe strong and happy is to equip it with nuclear power stations made exclusively in the U.S.A. What we want him to realize is that we are an immensely powerful ally, provided we don't get any of this damned competition. Oh, and don't let him overrate France while he's over there, either.

De Gaulle is quite capable of doing that without any outside help. Still, that's diplomacy, isn't it—and as you said at the airport, you aren't concerned with diplomatic matters, only arrangements. Tell me, do you reckon your security people, working with our security people, will outnumber the pressmen,

or not? May I tell our readers that a round thousand will cover the whole caboodle?

MR. HAGERTY: Say, listen. Allow me to ask you just one question.

MYSELF: I'm sorry, I'm rather tired. If you don't mind, I'll go and get myself some sleep.

The Abominable Layman

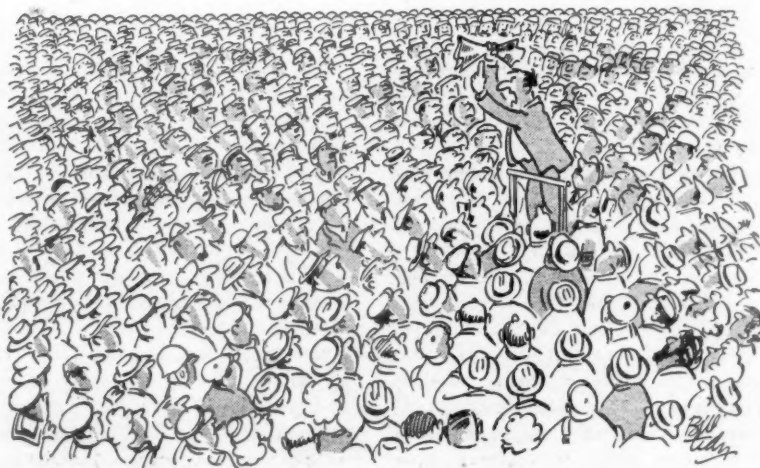
Lord Hodson: That is the trouble with legal aid. People get excited about legal points.

LORD X. he was a decent judge, and fair as fair could be,
He never interrupted, or indulged in repartee;
Not his the query, "What are 'pops'?" and such-like *jeux d'esprit*,
His Court was a court of justice, truth and sober dignity.
But he often said (and we must admit, it was his only flaw):
"I don't care where the layman goes, if he doesn't get into the Law."

The cataract of Legal Aid drove lesser Lords to drink
(Especially when the aided one was seen to be wearing mink).
Lord X. he kept his head and said, "No use to raise a stink—
But the trouble is with Legal Aid: it makes the layman *think*.
He wants to know the how and why, he jibs at a deal that's raw,
Instead of accepting the simple fact: *Hard cases make bad law*."

"Though all of us are sedulous that justice should prevail,
A layman taking a legal point has a lion by the tail:
He may dream of forensic triumphs, of fights on the Wintle scale,
But he's only a bungling amateur, and almost bound to fail;
And he gets no ruth as he disappears down the lion's complex maw—
For the Courts don't care where the layman goes, if he doesn't get into the Law."

— KATHARINE DOWLING



"... know what they're calling me now ... ? A rabble rouser !"



"No idea, dear. Depends where I can park and if I can get a cab back."

Horse and Home By PENELOPE HUNT

YOU must go, they told us, to Mr. Irish. He knows it all. One of those near gipsies, only one generation settled. He speaks to them in a language they can understand. Can't read a word, and can't even write his own name, they said. In the event it turned out that Mr. Irish could write his name quite beautifully, on the back of a cheque.

Visited on a cold March afternoon, he lost no time in producing from behind his pigsty a small, reluctant, furry animal. It lived and breathed, but was in other ways indistinguishable from many a discarded object at the back of the nursery toy-cupboard. It was steeped in mire, and exuded dissatisfaction. We stood awhile in silent

contemplation. The wind whistled across the filthy yard. Rigid with suspicion, Mr. Irish's near-collie stretched his hackled neck towards our legs. Close about us pressed Mr. Irish's near-gipsy children. They had engaging National Health denture smiles, and permanently streaming noses.

"There you are," Mr. Irish said, beaming with the honest pleasure of one about to make an easy deal. "Go nicely under twelve two, and pig-quiet. Hop up on him, Burrl, and show the lady and gentleman."

"How is he in traffic?"

"Hunnerd per cent. Hunnerd per cent he is in traffic. You couldn't do better with a young child's poony. There was a lady to Peterstowe was

settled to him, but she run word."

"He's how old?"

"Five years, lady. Five years Michaelmas. Burrl here rides him reg'lar to school. The lady over to Peterstowe, she couldn't say enough for him. You have him on a week's trial. Try him any way you like. Get down off, now Burrl, and let the lady see how Graham can handle him."

Graham, though well under three and still wearing nappies, can rise to a trot and sit down to a canter with the smartest little Jill in the Home counties, and whisks the pony round the soggy field with great aplomb.

"He's a proper little poony," continues Mr. Irish, "and I'll stand by him."

In fact it will be us, poor mutts, who will stand by him, year after year, in the savage winds of midwinter, plaiting his revoltingly coarse and sticky mane, removing burrs from what, when no one is by, I still call his ankles, pushing him away from his food trough in order to get more food into it, tightening the girths around his insatiable belly. How often, during the ensuing years, will I long to have had the iron personality of the lady from Peterstowe, the unshakable nerve that could run word on Mr. Irish and his vastcatarrhal brood.

Then there's buying from a friend. "How is darling Dewdrop?" they telephone excitedly, next week. "The children have been in floods since she left. Difficult to catch? Surely not, the poor little sweet. She just needs handling. As you know, we kept her in a four-acre paddock of really lush grass, and Justin and Posy could walk right up to her. Haven't you any oats?"

At the third purchase, grown less intense and concentrated, one acquires

the perfect pony. This is the signal for all forms of local education to break down. The education authority closes the village school, the only local governess disappears to look after her invalid aunt at Dawlish Warren. At this point some Mums, even more slavishly besotted than oneself, go so far as to exercise their children's horses while they are away, a tedious to-ing and fro-ing which enables the animals, though trained to a hair, to go lame on the eve of the holidays. For me it is enough to plod out into the January dusk with their food, pieces of hay sticking up the nostrils, and chaff cascading into the Wellington boots, to trudge their field in the harsh winds of spring, scooping specimens of their several droppings into labelled jam-jars for analysis against possible red-worm.

Horses, the dumbest of all dumb animals, are at their most dumb during a heavy frost. With massive effort one breaks the three-inch ice on their water trough, while they lounge indifferently under the hedge. Patiently they wait the

necessary half-hour until the water is frozen over again, advance moodily upon the trough, fail to make contact with their drink, and gallop protestingly up to the house. Just as one has the marmalade on the boil they come and lean over the yard rails and register martyrdom, assuming the sombre expression of one about to slip a postcard to the R.S.P.C.A.

Some hold that riding is character-building: others tremble at the kind of character it builds. There is the moment when the pony, tied up to the iron field-gate, detaches gate from its hinges and panics wildly all over the garden with the field-gate banging along after it and its young owners hysterically yelling contradictory instructions at each other. There is the moment when the youngest of the family wins its fifth rosette when the eldest still has only one. There is the moment (and here mother-love is strained to breaking point) when those revolting barbaric pieces of flesh are brought home and put proudly into the



refrigerator till Monday morning to keep them right for mounting, thus causing all the butter and even the milk to taste of fox. There is the moment when a little girl of nine realizes the intoxicating fact that she can, by sheer force of personality, control and direct a live animal very much larger and stronger than herself, and what this may do to the harmony of her subsequent married life is a thought from which her parents hastily avert their minds.

Pony-fever, like measles, is best caught young. Boys, who take a more balanced view of the whole project, will generally not go near a horse till they are around twelve. With girls it is generally at its height at eleven. Taken at fourteen or fifteen, it may prove incurable. They'll be off and away to a

stable management course and this will lead to looking after someone's polo ponies, and now the best that parents can hope for them is a fate worse than death at the hands of a Mexican groom.

So the whole process, which has started with a blameless little Thelwell object costing but £25, gathers momentum, and in no time there are two stabled horses, bills for shoeing and fodder that compete with the grocer's, four saddles that seem not to fit either horse, and enough lost curb-chains to go round the dome of St. Paul's. So it goes on, until Romance rears its ugly head, the boy-friend epoch sets in, and daughter and pony are seen to be only on casual, old-school-friend terms; thus proving to the satisfaction of psychologists and the bewilderment of parents that the whole pony fixation

was just incipient sex and dead healthy. Unhappily by now one's son, though rigidly refusing to muck out, clean tack, bandage anything's forelegs, leave alone its tail, or regard the horse as anything other than a rather more flexible form of motor-bicycle, has decided that it is super fun to gallop hard over hill and dale and kill foxes. He is warmly welcomed by the ageing personnel of the local hunt; and now there is not even National Service to break the deadly chain of events. The end is a heavy hunter permanently incapacitated by some undiagnosable disease that in no way impairs its appetite, and having to knit a coloured jersey at two days' notice for the local point-to-point.

All in all, stamp-collecting seems the happier hobby to encourage in the growing boy or girl.

Put me Somewhere West of Preston

By J. E. HINDER

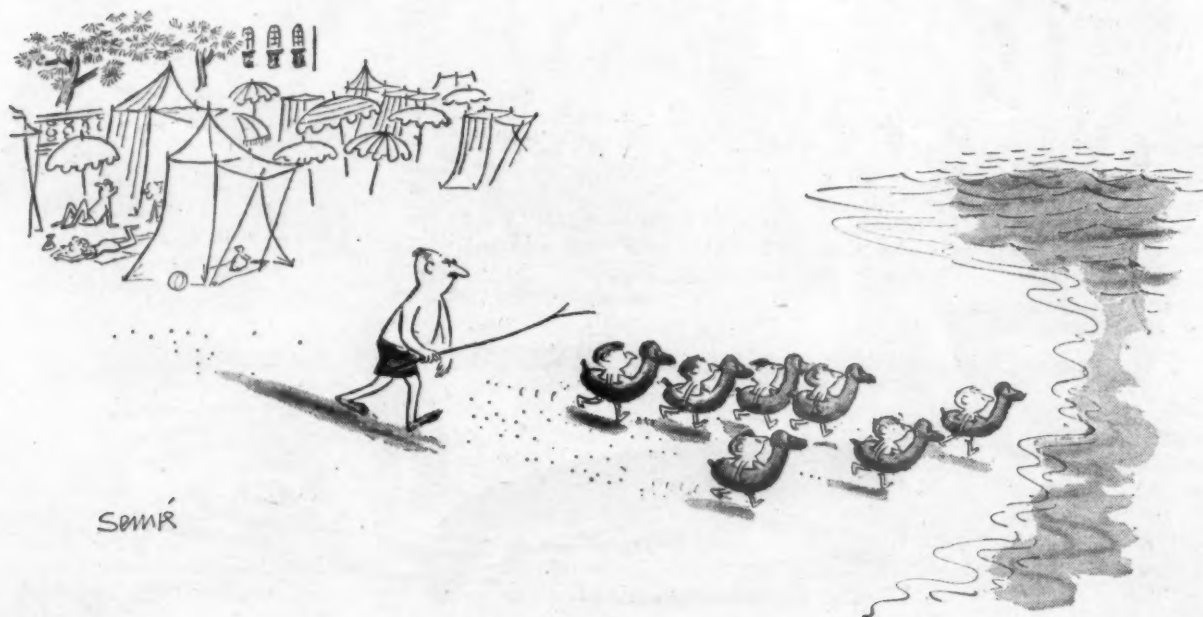
"Mr. Jack Harris, who keeps a boarding-house in Hornby Road, Blackpool, said: 'You can go out any night and see people in various stages of undress. You would think you were in an Eastern port.'"—*News Chronicle*

"YOU like to buy reet unusual pictures, effendi?" The words were spoken in broad Lancashire. I had just alighted from the train

at Blackpool Central Station on the first day of my mission to Lancashire's Port Said to see for myself what truth there was in Mr. Harris's amazing revelations. I expected to be shocked, but this exceeded my worst fears. Before me stood a lad of perhaps seven, clad in the typical white Blackpool galabieh.

"How much?" I muttered. "Six

piastres to you effendi," he replied handing me a sealed packet. I took it and hurried out of the main entrance. The scene before me defied description. Hordes of natives mingled with the tourists from America, France, Germany and even Britain. Everywhere cameras clicked as the camel-drivers passed, spurring on their great, patient beasts, weighed down with their bur-



dens of pink, green or yellow Blackpool rock. As I stood spellbound, a small shifty-eyed fellah crept up to me and, doffing his greasy fez, began to speak.

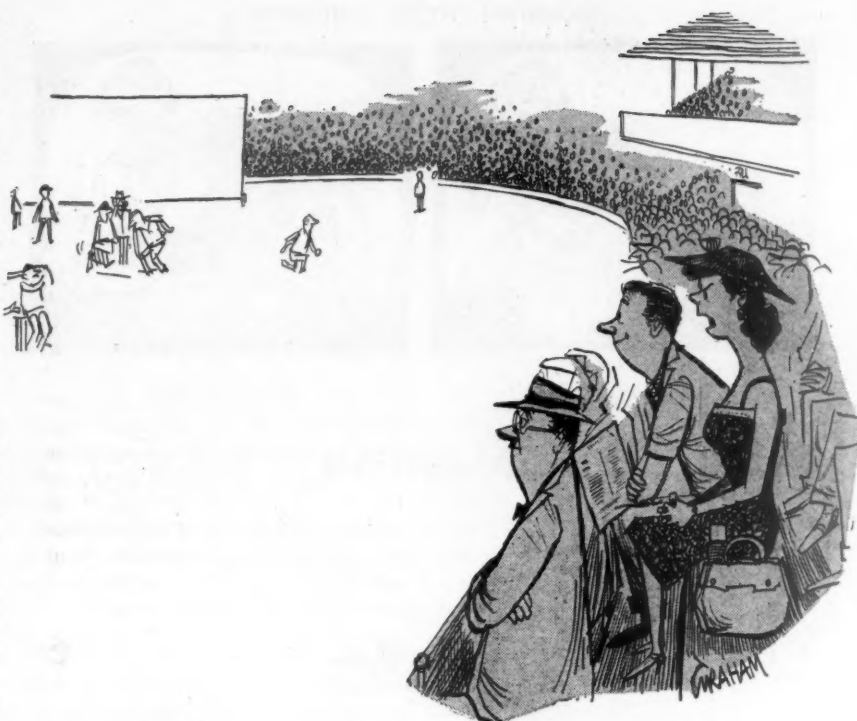
"I take you finest boarding-house in all Blackpool," he croaked, "You stay Mrs. Slaithwaite, Tower View!" "No," I said irritably. "Full board, Pasha!" he wheedled, "tea in bed no extra, Pasha, three-course breakfast, lunch and dinner, cruet free, home cookin'!" "I said No!" I repeated. "Three minutes sea," he whined, "separate tables, good old telly in lounge, own poultry kept!" I attempted to push him aside but he hung on. "Cold water in every bedroom!" he shouted. I looked around for a policeman. He made a last attempt. "Mrs Slaithwaite fine woman, he leered, "two lovely daughters, lovely Lancashire lassies, fifteen stones each!" I thrust him aside in disgust.

So this horror was Blackpool, once considered fit to house a Trades Union Conference! But there was worse to come.

As I walked along the Promenade, ignoring the blandishments of innumerable girls, their eyes painted with kohl, their finger-nails henna-tinted, the Muezzin was calling from the Tower. From the distant sukh came the sound of barter and an occasional oath. It was here that I met Mohammed ben Ramsbutton. "You are Charlie Cheese," he stated confidently, "I claim the *Daily Outcry's* prize!" I quickly disillusioned him and he took it with good Lancashire grace. He turned out to have an encyclopædic knowledge of life in the dark, evil world behind Blackpool's illuminations.

Who would guess, for example, that not far from the sands there is an agency, ostensibly engaged in promoting talent contests, but in reality inveigling young girls to embark for Morecambe—a trip known locally as "The Fate worse than Burnley"? Yet this is so. Ramsbutton showed me a boarding-house not far from the Promenade. "People can be seen going in there up to eleven-thirty at night," he muttered. "On Sundays as well?" I asked incredulously. "On Sundays too," he said. "And community-singing!" It was just an ordinary little place, "Gladalf" by name. This was Blackpool in the year 1959!

After dark, the miles of light lit up a saturnalia unparalleled anywhere in



"Tom and Alison spent their honeymoon in the Bavarian Alps . . . !"

the world. Couples embraced openly in slow-moving gharries, tiny dark-skinned figures hawked exotic-smelling chewing-gum, eager showmen extolled the charms of fat ladies, while from the native drinking-houses came the sound of revelry, even accompanied at times by the music of an accordion. Few, indeed, were the boarding-houses with locked doors—yet this was half-past ten at night!

Like an Eastern Port! True words! As a sparsely clad girl flitted past me carrying a greasy parcel redolent of fish and perhaps chips, I remembered the little packet of unusual pictures in my pocket. Furtively, I inspected its contents by the light of the illuminations. After looking at the first postcard I replaced the packet with a shudder.

Where but in shameful Blackpool, the Port Said of the North, would they dare to push into the hands of innocent visitors lurid photographs of the Eiffel Tower? London is already Wolfendened! What about Blackpool?

☆

British Way of Life Spreads

"There were no casualties."—*Times*
Parliamentary report from Athens

Cavalier Affair

LOVELACE wrote to his Lucasta
When he went to war,
Saying that he loved her much
But honour even more.

Lovelace wrote to his Althea
When he was confined,
Saying stone walls do not make
A prison for the mind.

One may wonder, did Lucasta
Have the least idea
Lovelace loved another lady?
What about Althea?

Did they meet, perhaps, at parties?
Did they sometimes use
To prattle of their absent love,
Exchanging all the news?

Lovelace left no explanations,
No apologies;
Still he lives with both his lovelies
In anthologies.

— JEAN SEWELL STANDISH

WORKING WITH CHILDREN



Right Method



Wrong Method

creatures, whatever you may feel in your heart. They are, of course, inevitable scene-stealers, compared with which children and animals are non-starters. A gnome sitting in a sink, for the generality of viewers, would make Irving in *The Bells* look by comparison like a blank wall. Don't worry. There's nothing to be done. Just smile, and think of the cheque.

Emotions

Students who have learned their first principles in a different school, meaning to bring the old-fashioned, three-dimensional Theatre a better Euripides,

Birth of a Salesman

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

A TEXT-BOOK for actors ambitious to succeed in the sphere of television advertising has been prepared by a well-known London school of drama.

We are privileged to reproduce below some excerpts and illustrations from this progressive new work, which is entitled, "Is This a Cake-Mix Which I See Before Me?"

Appearance

Watch your fingernails. The modern TV camera is quite sensitive enough to pick up residues of boot-polish, jam, etc. The viewer who sees dirty nails peeling a cheese-slice somehow associates the dirt with the cheese, and sales could slump by a million packs. The same goes for teeth, of which you should display as many as possible all the time. Audience identification is constant. That is to say that when a viewer sees you drinking a sparkling pruneade he thinks that he's drinking it, and, indeed, this is the whole idea. If, however, your hair is too greasy, your eyebrows badly trimmed, or your lapels curling in the heat of the arc-lights he sees these attributes in himself.

Child Actor, the

He will probably be playing the part of your schoolboy son, hearty, loud and cramming the product into his mouth with the palms of both hands. Your problem is to keep the honest revulsion out of your voice and expression, since no advertising family dare come over as

anything but models of mutual tenderness and indulgence, otherwise there is unfavourable audience reaction to the commodity advertised.

Diction

Lips, teeth and tongue must work as one to project with complete clarity. Especially in the case of wonder-ingredients there are problems here of which Kean and Macready knew nothing. When Falstaff says that Mistress Page has eyed him with "most judicious eillades" the audience can rely for a clue on the context; but you, faced with putting over the latest bedtime beverage, are on your own. "I simply swear by Dreemchok, it contains Eilliades!" may have several hundred thousand families saying "Contains what?" The fact that the word is simultaneously printed across your chest is an aid to the literate only.

Eating

Suppress any hint of a digestive tract. For the viewer, eating a Funbar begins and ends with your subtle characterization of marzipan tingling on the soft palate. Avoid actual swallowing unless you can be sure that your Adam's apple is out of shot.

Elves, acting with

Your supporting cast, particularly in dramatic episodes about keeping the domestic plumbing sweet and wholesome, may well be animated gnomes. You will not see these, but your director will tell you where to look. Have Love in your eyes for the little

Chekhov or Christie, will know the importance of conveying Joy, Surprise, Horror, Loathing and Grief. In the modern medium the last three of these should be used in moderation, if at all. Even in the competitive world of television advertising the honoured code of the publicist holds good: it is unethical to knock a rival product. As com-

KISSING



Right Method



Wrong Method



Lesson 1

petition gets fiercer, of course, this rule may go, and you will be wise to keep your Horror, Loathing and Grief at the ready, against the day when you are asked to declare that X and Co.'s tinned beans are diabolical. But for the present concentrate on polishing up your Joy and Surprise; they will be needed constantly, often in combination. (In the Script, *q.v.*; this mixed emotion is laid down as Astonished-Delight and usually concerns chocolate centres.)

Kissing

Keep passion out of this. The advertising kiss takes two forms only, the perfunctory brushing of lips on brow between spick housewife and tired, home-coming husband, and the mere cosmetic test. Rolling on the floor, with mutterings of "Darling, darling," has no place in either.

Script, respect for the

Edgar Wallace used to write a play over the week-end, and it was permissible for the cast of, say, *On the Spot*, to challenge an occasional hasty idiom during rehearsal. Your television script, however, comes to you in its perfect, final form, after weeks of work by writers, clients, agencies and a host of other skilled artists. As it may consist *in toto* of the line, "Grummitts are Marvellous!" it has probably cost a thousand pounds a word by the time the actor gets it: to suggest "Gorgeous" for "Marvellous," on alliterative grounds, simply brands you as a trouble-maker.

Shakespeare

Under advertising studio conditions an actor often finds it difficult to hit the pitch of feeling needed to carry the product irresistibly into millions of homes. Let him run over a suitable



Lesson 2

Shakespearian scene in the tea-breaks; in the mood, say, of the great Hamlet soliloquies, he can then project Frooto, the Instant Jelly-Mix, so that it practically flies off the screen. Browse through Othello at random. "O thou weed! Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet." "If I quench thee, thou flaming minster, I can again thy former light restore." "O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword." The actor with such material in mind is bound to do well with any proprietary brand of filter-tip, spot-lamp or deodorant.

Sincerity

See above for a method. But you may need a Method, too. Nemirovich-Dantchenko could only perform after looking at his cuff-links (said by some to explain his poor showing as Caliban); Komisarjevsky advised feeling the texture of some object while waiting in the wings. You must think up something of your own. The important thing is that to convey successfully the properties of Williamson's Wonderful Wart-Remover you must come over as a man *who has had warts and removed them*. Some think that Nemirovich-Dant-

chenko could have studied his cuff-links for a month and still never quite made it. It just shows what you're up against.

Type-casting, dangers of

Having made a substantial success with indigestion tablets you may be tempted to stick to these rôles, and decline to play in advertisements for pre-cooked foods, coach-trips to the Tyrol or powered home-carpentry sets. This is a serious error. Once you become type-cast as a man who can't be in the same room as a suet pudding without gulping two little white pills the whole field of food advertising is closed. And fashions in products change. Where are the actors who, three years ago, were getting more work than they could manage because of a facility with the pronunciation of "Chlorophyll"?

"Yes," the "magical, creative"

Stanislavski had his "magical, creative IF." "If I were this character . . ." said the actor, and so became him. In the new medium you will repeatedly be asked to speak the magical, creative "Yes," usually after sonorous passages by an off-screen commentator. The camera then cuts to you, as you display all available teeth and punch out your line. "Yes! I tell all my friends about wonderful Non-Split Underpants!" "Yes! Fishbone's Blowthru really does banish cooking smells!" "Yes! Not a trace of a bunion with Bannerjee's Old Indian Footpaste!" Script-writer and commentator may put out their best, but if you deliver your magical, creative "Yes" with the faintest undertone of "No," they've had it. So have you. It could mean the end of your career in television advertising, and a humiliating return to the stage.

SINCERITY



Right Method



Wrong Method

Drunk as a Lordling

By LORD KINROSS

"How bright we were, how tight we were . . ."

ONE of the sad things about middle age is that one begins to enjoy drinking, hence loses the art of getting drunk. Wistfully I reflect to myself, am I never again to experience that youthful euphoria, that

delirious sense of cosmic power which is intoxication's gift to man, or those fragile super-sensory perceptions which accompany the very best hangovers? I begin to fear not. I must be content with my vintages—and my memories.

Treasured among these is that of the first time I ever got drunk. It was at Oxford, in the 'twenties, on Benedictine—half a bottle of it, I dare say. The results were appalling. It was an agony of initiation that filled me with joy and with pride: I had become a man. After that I got into the habit of getting drunk on port. We drank nothing but the sweetest of drinks in those days: rich dark Oloroso sherries, full Ruby ports, butts of Malmsey, and such; and we swilled them, with no finicky nonsense about savouring.

The only table wine of which I have any youthful memory was Château Yquem, to which I was introduced by a Polish prince, and we swilled that too, from one end of a meal to the other. I have been looking through some of the menus we had printed, in gold lettering, for our twenty-first birthdays, and it strikes me as significant that the names of the wines are omitted, though we certainly drank them. At mine, I remember, in 1925, we drank a case of Veuve Clicquot 1911 which my father had given me, but beneath my family crest of *Nil Temere* the menu records only the foods: the Cantaloup Melon, Cold Consommé, Homard à l'Américaine, Bouchées au Riz de Veau, Roast Chicken, Asparagus, Strawberries, Scotch Woodcock, Dessert and Coffee. The note of the evening is struck by one of the signatures, scrawled on the back: "Drunk soon! Robert."

As far as I remember we still drank no spirits. Cocktails did not reach Oxford until the following year, when they were introduced by a group of American undergraduates. When one of them sent for some ice his scout exclaimed in horror "But it will bruise the gin!" I remember a party that these Americans gave, at which a banner, strung across the room, enjoined us to

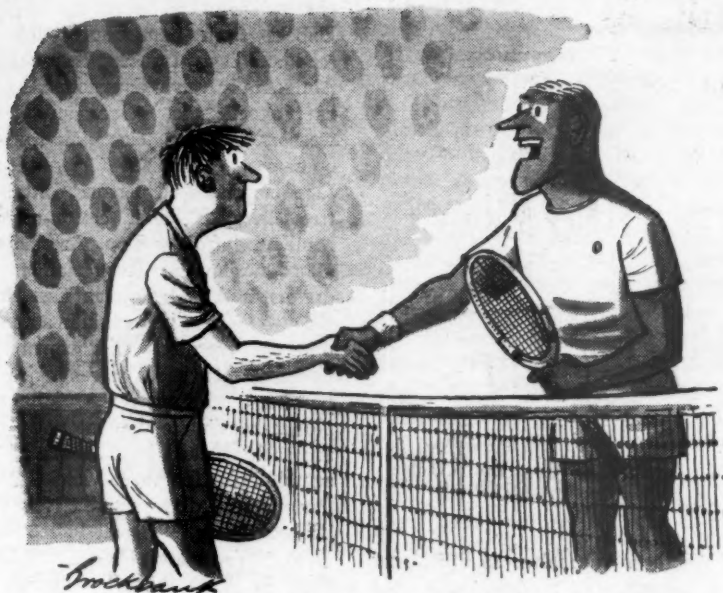
"Put your Trust in the Lords"—referring to the titled guests present—and the drinks, served until midnight, were cocktails, with a great deal of Cointreau in them.

But our favourite recreation was to get drunk on trains. For this purpose we founded a society called the Oxford University Railway Club. The first long-distance train service had just been initiated, from Aberdeen to Penzance and Penzance to Aberdeen, passing conveniently through Oxford (G.W.R.) in either direction. Dressing up in our dinner-jackets we would board the northbound train around seven o'clock, in a dining-saloon specially reserved for our use, and on this we would dine, probably drinking, with our six-course dinner, the 1920 Sauternes at five shillings the bottle, followed by Green Chartreuse or Grand Marnier (red) at one and sixpence the glass. (I was rather off Benedictine by then.)

We would alight at Leicester (L.N.E.R.) and, after an interval in the refreshment-room, would board the southbound train, to which a saloon had likewise been attached for us. On this we would get drunk, arriving back at Oxford and helping each other into our various colleges before midnight. On one occasion—the celebration of the centenary of railway travel in 1925—one of our party, an Irish lord, disappeared from the saloon for some time, and returned battered and bleeding all over his shirt front from an encounter with some members of the proletariat in the neighbouring third-class coach. I do not remember that we avenged this attack. Doubtless the train was by now drawing conveniently into Oxford station.

We used to repeat this excursion by reserved Pullman, from London, perhaps to Brighton, perhaps to Folkestone, when we had graduated to riper and even more convivial years. It was on the return journey from Brighton one evening that I passed out for the first time. I awoke at Victoria to find that my friends had all dispersed to continue





"Bad luck—how do you do?"

their revels on terra firma, but without telling me where—rather to my chagrin, because I was now passing in again, and was ready for more. The last dinner of this Oxford University Railway Club was held during the world slump at the end of the 'twenties, but on a more modest scale—on a Pullman attached to a stopping train on the Metropolitan between Baker Street and Chorley Wood, and shunted into a siding while we drank, to await the return journey.

When I grew older the realization that drink had a taste, in addition to an effect, must have begun slowly to dawn on me. For among my New Year resolutions for 1930 I find: "To drink more good wine and less champagne." It was not, however, immediately kept, as the first entry in my diary suggests: "Started the year with the worst head of the year—a stab with each step, as I walked." And a few weeks later I was in Paris, writing: "Broke out last night. Threw money to the winds. Drinks, dinner, drinks, supper for the two of us—a hundred francs gone—and afterwards a good many threepenny brandies. Satisfactorily drunk."

But these excursions abroad were, on the whole, of a more sober nature, for the Latin peoples do after all enjoy their drink, and can even teach the barbarian from the north to do the same. I do, however, recollect a certain

fancy-dress party in Sicily, as the guest of a friend of mine, a Sicilian nobleman whose name, literally translated, means the Duke of Greens. It was to commemorate an historic visit to Sicily by Lord Nelson, accompanied by Lady Hamilton, in the course of which he was dubbed Duke of Brontë. The cream of Sicilian and Neapolitan nobility shook the moth-balls out of the dresses of their ancestors for the party, and the cream of Café Society, lacking ancestors, had dresses especially made

for them by the leading costumiers of Paris.

We drove to the palace in a procession of horse carriages, accompanied by red-liveried footmen, and the Duke announced the guests, as they entered, by their historical names. He himself was disguised as Napoleon. I, in white knee-breeches and a gold-braided swallow-tailed coat of some magnificence, was the Czar Alexander the First of Russia—exercising some historical licence, since he was not of course present on this occasion. (But then nor was Napoleon.) Getting into the spirit of my part by downing a great deal of vodka, I found myself swaying rather late into the supper-room, where the guests, placed according to protocol, were already seated at table. An imperial instinct led me to an evident place of honour, already occupied by a Sicilian nobleman, doubtless of ancient lineage, but not dressed as a czar.

With high-handed arrogance I dislodged this gentleman, who scurried humbly away, and, as far as I know, got no supper, for no other place was vacant. I turned with condescending gallantry to the lady on my right, who proved to be Miss Elsa Maxwell, wearing the costume of a sailor. I remember gazing at her, throughout the evening, with suitable hauteur, the haze of vodka now modulating into a haze of champagne. But I could recall next morning no single word of our conversation. It was the only time I was ever as drunk as a czar.

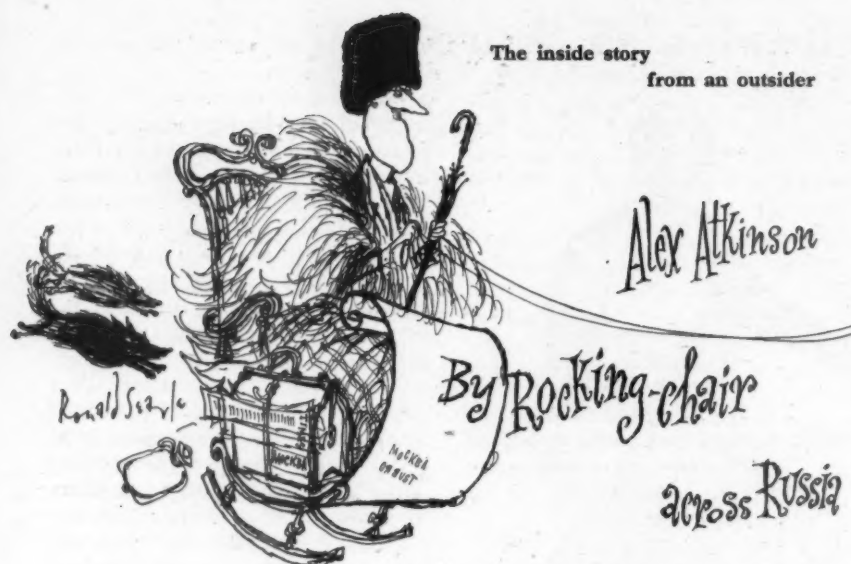
Life

WHEN they were small I took my sons to films,
The wild and woolly sort (my dream of hell).
I sat through endless pantomimes, yet showed
Becoming ardour till the curtain fell
To rescue me.

The time will come (I'd think) when they will choose
The very best (surroundings form the mind),
When Shakespeare holds them in his wooden O,
And Mozart claims the ears I've washed behind,
And they'll take me.

And now they go to concerts, films and plays,
The kind I dreamed of. Nothing's wrong, I see,
But this: absorbed with Barbara or Bets,
Teresa, Sally, Jan or Valerie—
They don't take me.

— T. R. JOHNSON



VI

TO THE VIRGIN LANDS

I HAVE decided not to reveal here the identity of the Moscow official of the Ministry of Hedging and Frustration who received my application for a Travel Permit and actually made it possible for me to pay a visit (strictly against regulations existing at that time) to a Virgin Land. Suffice it to say that he was, as luck would have it, one of the leading members of an underground movement bitterly opposed to the Soviet system, who are working day and night, by devious means, to overthrow the régime. From small beginnings, over the past twenty years this movement has grown in strength, until to-day it numbers no less than five—four highly trained men and a young lady from Riga: and slowly but surely they are sowing the seeds for a Conservative revolution, with the ultimate aim of restoring the monarchy and introducing staggered unemployment, no free milk in schools, tax relief for landlords, and the inalienable right of any citizen to beggar his neighbour in free and healthy competition. Whenever you hear of a mysterious ten-minute hold-up on the Moscow Metro during the rush hour, or a misprint in *Trud*, or the point-blank refusal of a Russian rhesus monkey to send back any relevant data to speak of from outer space, or a lightning strike of riveters' mates in the atomic submarine yards at Zhdanov, you may be sure that the Movement has been at work.

The inside story
from an outsider

Alex Atkinson

By Rocking-chair
across Russia

"We regard ourselves as little more than guerrillas at present," this man told me (he was a thin chap with weak eyes, and the moths had been at his hat); "but the day is not far distant now when we will be in a position to nominate a candidate to stand as an Independent National-Liberal at the elections. It will be a beginning. After that we shall see what we shall see."

He said that the members of the Movement do not address one another as Comrade, but as Mate, or Love, or Sport, or Bud, in the Western fashion. They have a secret arms dump on the outskirts of the city, consisting of twenty-seven rounds of live ammunition. "All we need now," the man said, "is a gun to fit it."

The permit he gave me entitled me to travel tourist class to a place called Yomsof and back. I couldn't find it in my *Baedeker*, which didn't surprise me when I learned that until the previous month it had been no more than a clearing in the tundra. It was apparently chosen as the latest Virgin Land at a meeting of the Co-operative Planning and Reclamation Sub-Committee of the Department of Cultural Engineering and Manpower Dispersal, the chairman simply jabbing a pin at random into a large-scale map of Siberia and saying "Let's send some of the blighters here to grow pineapples."

The scene at the station, as the great Virgin Lands Express stood getting up steam for its long journey to the Unknown, was lively in the extreme. The platform was crowded with Soviet

citizens from all over the Union—Uzbeks from Samarkand with gold teeth and baggy trousers, Kazakhs from Alma-Ata in velvet pantaloons, Armenian shoemakers, Georgian carpet-weavers, Russian electronic-computer operators, Latvian glass-blowers, Estonian displaced persons, Lithuanian tree-fellers, Tadzhik cotton-spinners, Moldavian fruit-pickers, Azerbaijani sword-swallowers, Kirghizian tractor-drivers, and a clerk from East Berlin. Good-byes were being said in a hundred different tongues. Old women were weeping, old men were asking the porters if this was the right train. Notice-boards stood at intervals, bearing such chalked instructions as "Assembly Point for Sheet-Metal Workers' Party from Krasnoyarsk," "Have Your Tickets Ready," "Secret Police Report Here," "Vaccination Centre," "Khrushchev Is Very Nice," "Queue For Rations," or "Will Mrs. Kuzmufin Please Go To The Stationmaster's Office?" Most of the children had flags inscribed "It is better to die for one's country in the frozen north than to hang around street corners in Leningrad." All was bustle and clatter and confusion. The hiss and roar of steam, the rattle of porters' wagons, the yelping of dogs, the wailing of wives and sweethearts, the tramp of marching men, the shrilling of police whistles, the thud of rifle butts on astrakhan caps, the gabble of a thousand conversations, the crash of empty vodka bottles being tossed on to the tracks, the strident cries of the hot pie vendors and the powerful blare and bray of the Moscow Fire Brigade (South-Eastern Section) Silver Prize Band playing a pirated selection from *My Fair Lady* outside the buffet, all combined to make the occasion deafeningly memorable. As the time for departure grew near the Virgin Lands Express, standing like some gigantic covered wagon, became packed more and more tightly with brave adventurers, setting out on a journey that would carry them thousands of miles from their homes, far into the icy waste-lands, the untrodden wildernesses of the north, to dig and sweat for the greater glory of the U.S.S.R. and a small percentage of the profits.

Last farewells were still being anxiously babbled as the train began to hiss and thunder slowly out of the station.

"Take good care of Grandpa's leg!"
 "Be sure that Pavel gets his iron tonic!"

"Good-bye, dearest twin sister!"

"Send back money, for the love of heaven!"

"Look for the grave of poor Ivan Ivanovitch!"

And so another train-load of volunteers left Moscow; and as the great express began to eat up the miles across the endless plain, the brave youngsters leaned from the windows, singing their pioneer songs and waving derisively to the village stay-at-homes, lolling in the sun waiting for the pubs to open. The older people huddled together in silence, waiting for someone to bring them cups of tea, their weeping unheard in the train's monotonous clamour.

On the third day I fell into conversation with a young student in the dining-car. Once I had convinced him

that I was not one of the nine hundred *Life* reporters known to be in the area trying to smuggle themselves into a Virgin Land on the offchance of getting a blurred photo of volunteers being shot down like dogs for complaining about weevils in the bread, he spoke quite freely about his hopes for the future, enlivening his talk with a wealth of statistical information which I surreptitiously wrote down on the back of a cigarette packet to sell to the highest bidder on my return to the West.

"In three years' time," he said, "my country will be producing one and a half times as many plastic handbags *per capita* as the U.S.A., with or without tin clasps. In one year's time our output of dried acacia leaves will have trebled, and the price of our raspberry jam will have gone down by the equivalent of a trifle under fourpence a pound. In fifty years' time every man, woman and

child in the U.S.S.R. will have two bicycles."

"This must make you very happy," I said.

"There is no time to be happy," said the youth, "but I must acknowledge that I experience a feeling of exhilaration when I remember that by unselfishly setting out to make a new life in the Virgin Lands I am playing a noble part in furthering the economic expansion of the motherland."

"Haven't I seen you somewhere on a recruiting poster?" I asked.

"You have much to learn from us," said the youth. "Out of the barren deserts we are bringing forth Cellophane-wrapped jam-tarts and laminated aluminium double-ended universal swivel-joints with two-way auxiliary angle-brackets. What are you doing? You are watching *I Love Lucy* and licking the boots of your bloated shareholders."

"You have spies everywhere," I said, "that's very plain to see."

"You English lack imagination, initiative and the will to prosper by expansion," he said. "Otherwise you would long ago have opened up knitting-needle works in the abandoned solitudes that stretch northwards from Knightsbridge to the Bayswater Road. Why does not your government permit your workless millions to make the long trek into the wild desolation of the uncharted territory between Stratford-upon-Avon and Crewe and start a new life for themselves planting sisal? What has become of your much-vaunted spirit of adventure? Where are your Sir Roger Drakes and your Sir Francis Casements? You have been outstripped, *tovarich*, because you have turned into a nation of pasty-faced stay-at-homes. Your young men do nothing but play at cricket and *chemin-de-fer*, and stab one another with flick knives. Your young women have no aim but to develop into flat-chested mannequins with bony red ankles, so that they may be chosen as concubines by drug-sodden, pimply international playboys and die of an overdose of barbiturates in flower-decked suites in the luxury hotels of Europe. Are you going to deny that they would be better off from every point of view chopping up pig swill on some State farm in Middlesex, under proper supervision?"

"Lie down, lad," I said, "and try to





Ronald Searle

get a bit of sleep. Foam is beginning to come out of the corners of your mouth."

"It is only by a free and frank exchange of opinions that we can ever hope to—"

"Yes," I said, "I know. And there are times when I wonder if it's worth it."

So the great express rolled on by day and by night, through swamp and grass-land, igneous and metamorphic rocks, old red sandstone, forest and woodland, peat bogs, limestone grits, turnip fields, clay lowlands, minor scarps of ironstone, heathland, moorland and rough pasture, rugged upland shale, pre-Cambrian volcanic rocks, urban districts, folds of tertiary basalt, orchard and nursery gardens, escarpments of coal-bearing strata, alpine meadows, temperate mixed forests, cool coniferous deserts, savanna, alluvial deposits, controlled and uncontrolled level-crossings, floating ice-caps and other features of absorbing geological, palaeontological, dendrological, ichthyological and demographological interest; and day and night the pioneers munched their black bread, snored, became betrothed, fought, sang, jumped from carriage windows with shrill cries, read tea-cups, knitted mittens, shaved in lukewarm water, and told their life stories over and over again to the people sitting opposite, who wanted to get on with the crossword.

And at last, shortly before a quarter to three one bleak Thursday afternoon, we came to a stop at Yomsof Station, which consisted of two planks in the snow and a dark-brown corrugated-iron shed marked "Keep Out." A chill wind was blowing, as we clambered painfully down from the train to be hustled into three ranks by a sergeant of militia, sleet came swirling in from the north-east, so that we had to keep our eyes shut. After a roll-call we were marched off into the grey, sodden wilderness towards Yomsof itself, which lay hidden in a valley some eight miles from the station. I can still hear the crunch and slur of our boots as we moved in a long, snaking line, three abreast, heads down into the biting wind with our luggage on our backs. Somewhere in the rear a concertina played an old, sad folk song.

Yomsof! Shall I ever forget my first sight of that romantic township, nestling against the timeless, lichen-covered crags! Log houses stood in rows along

the main street, and along the other street there were gay log cinemas, log super-markets, a log post-office, log pit-head baths, a log jail, log livery stables, log dram shops and an ornate log puppet theatre. In every direction tracks led off through the snow, and as I stood in the market-place in the fading light late that afternoon, beside the communal log drinking-fountain, I watched the sun-bronzed workers tramping back from field and factory—singing, always singing—their faces aglow with hope and faith and pride in the future of abundant prosperity they were building for their motherland. Here were the brawny iron-founders and steel-workers, trudging home from secret blast-furnaces and strip mills in the nearby range of foothills; here were reindeer breeders—strong, hairy fellows with old newspapers stuck in their boots for extra warmth; here were the women, pale with fatigue but smiling after a hard day planting daffodil bulbs and spinach; here were the lads with spades, whose job it was to scrape away the snow so that the tractors could sow spring wheat or barley; here came the merry hop-pickers, fun-loving gipsies from far-off Bukhara and nomads from the mysterious regions of Turkmenistan, all garlanded with leaves and hungry for their supper of tinned sardines and cabbage; and the pottery workers hot from their primitive kilns, the shipbuilders from the icy lake, the sewing-machine makers, the designers of ballet shoes, the uranium

diggers under heavy guard, the shepherds, harvesters, cowhands, planters of pomegranates, packers of meat paste and a flock of chattering girls from the vinegar factory.

Who can doubt, I asked myself, that something will come of all this? Can we in the West afford to ignore the threat of such feverish activity in the Russian wastelands? Is Harlow New Town really a sufficient answer?

On my last evening in Yomsof, as I sat playing poker in the Laughing Cossack Saloon, with the mechanical piano tinkling in the background, a bottle of kvass at my elbow, and the rowdy frontiersmen pushing past to get at the Circassian dancing-girls who were doing high kicks in long skirts on a rickety rostrum, I tried to find answers to all these questions—and more, for the kvass was made from bread and cranberries. I wish I could tell you the conclusions I reached, but I fear I cannot. All I can find in my notebook for that evening is a memorandum, just decipherable, to the effect that I finished up owing forty roubles to Andrei, who had a remarkable facility for filling a straight flush, and Nikolai's remark as we sat down to play. "Come," he said, drawing his double-edged sword and laying it on the table, "we are all brothers under the skin. You have nothing to lose but your change."

Next week:

Red Art and the High Jump





Toby Competitions

No. 76—Behind the Scenes

A POPULAR feature among some magazines is the Behind-the-Scenes-at-the-Palace "intimate" article. Supply an extract from a similar contemporary article dealing with life at the home of Tamburlaine, King Arthur, Macbeth, Nero, Cleopatra, George IV, or Menelaus.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, September 4, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 76, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 73

(A Few Well-chosen Words)

This competition seemed to have been bogged down in the printing stoppage plus a hot weather spell. Entries were few and not many caught the authentic ring of the local newspaper which was supposed to have drafted the communiqué at the end of the Foreign Ministers' conference. Winner:

J. P. PINEL
67 HORN PARK LANE
LEE
LONDON, S.E.12

One may look back on this conference with sober satisfaction. Like an "international" party of mountaineers, the Foreign Ministers have striven together. They have jointly reconnoitred and vanquished the approaches to the goal of their endeavours. By patience and give-and-take they have skirted the Berlin Precipice. The mists of doubt and uncertainty have been swept away, and the Summit is revealed, bathed in the light of hope.

Book-tokens to the following:

A distinguished and influential assembly attended the closing session of the Four Ministers' conference at Geneva, when the leading actors in this titanic drama were given a warm ovation. Although it is too early to say anything precise about the East and West positions, all major differences between the parties concerned have been ironed out and delegates will return to their respective countries tired but happy. While Russia and the United States are leaving no stone unturned to find a satisfactory formula that will meet the case, France and Britain have been exploring every avenue to see that no ends will be left in the air before the threads are picked up again.—Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

The Foreign Ministers have jointly decided upon a brief adjournment of their deliberations in order to allow the giving of due time to individual consideration of the steps necessary to facilitate the reaching of a lasting agreement between themselves at some future date. It is felt that the conference has been most successful in

creating a basis of international confidence upon which the superstructure of peace and concord may later be erected, and it is further considered that the immediate task of Ministers should be the consolidation of this basis in order that the superstructure, when it is erected, may rest on a thoroughly firm and enduring foundation.—G. J. Blundell, Littlewood, East Malling, Kent

The Foreign Ministers have decided in the interests of international and internegotiable solidarity not to issue a communiqué at the termination of what can be securely summarized as an understanding of minds. All the Great Powers were happy to be in agreement on this issue and consider the agreement, if not the issue, to be in itself an augury for the future. With this hope solidified and other agreements happily in future countenance the Foreign Ministers wish seasonal greetings to their peoples and step forward to the New Year confident in their ability to rejoin efforts for 1960.—James C. Greig, The Abbey, Cambuskenneth, Stirling

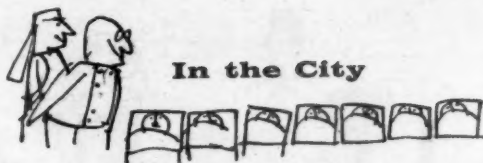
The meeting of Foreign Ministers at Geneva closed with an evening cruise round the shores of Lac Leman. On board the steamer there was no tension, only a mood of tranquillized relaxation. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, unruffled and smiling, said "We're sailing along smoothly in spite of a stiff breeze. Perhaps there was a little confusion at first but we've everything to look forward to, I'm confident." To the strains of a Swiss yodelling song glasses clinked in unison. As the steamer returned to the jetty the ship's bell was rung. The Ministers shook hands warmly with each other and made their separate ways to their hotels, looking happy and satisfied.—M. Hutchins, 10 Clifton Road, Winchester

Bentley's Gallery



LADY DOCKER

At shove-ha'penny Lady Docker
Does everything according to Cocker.
It's only down in Monte
That she sometimes shows a certain lack of bonté.



In the City

From My Lords Cohen and Radcliffe

THERE are, alas, very few punch lines in the two reports with which the City is now buzzing: the third report of the Cohen Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes and the report of the Radcliffe Committee "on the Working of the Monetary System."

The Cohen report, for all its gritty prose, is an enchanting, because highly optimistic and almost self-satisfied, document. The harsh medicine which the Council prescribed in its two earlier reports has worked. The British economy for the first time since the war can boast these three simultaneous achievements: a domestic boom, a healthy balance of payments and a full year's stability of prices.

The three wise men of the Council hold that the more lenient treatment now being meted out to us is both deserved and justified. Let there be more relaxation of credit, more hire purchase debt, provided prices remain stable. In their view there might even be lower prices because production per worker in industry has been rising faster than wages, and therefore profit margins have recently been increasing.

This is the formula for a continuing market boom—barring politics which of course could make nonsense of this happy prospect. "Give me good politics," said Louis XVIII's finance minister, "and I will give you good finances." With a little adaptation this applies perfectly to markets to-day.

Whatever politics may do there are certain parts of the economy which will continue to prosper, undisturbed by any swapping of seats at Westminster. Retail trade is one of them. Marks & Spencer, Great Universal Stores, United Draperies, Woolworths, and even that triangle of recent turmoil, Harrods, House of Fraser and Debenhams, are surely bound over the years to come up for still better trade and bigger profits.

Another gilt-edged activity is instalment credit in all its forms. The senior boy of this class is United Dominions Trust. He is doing very well and promises to do even better.

The Radcliffe Committee's report is far more cosmic in its scope and appropriately larger (375 pages as against Lord Cohen's mere 53). Out of its

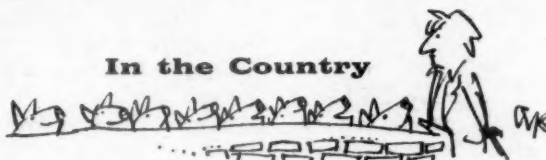
wealth of description and prescription the main impression that emerges is that the power and authority of the Bank of England should be trimmed and the Old Lady be made more visibly amenable to Treasury control. Any change in Bank Rate should be announced in the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he should look for advice on monetary questions not to the Bank of England alone but to a standing committee on which the Bank of England representatives—four of them—

would be outweighed by the six of the Treasury and the Board of Trade.

As a sop the Committee recommend that the Bank of England should acquire "a strong and highly qualified Economic Intelligence Department whose head should have the rank of an executive director." When that great governor Montagu Norman appointed Henry Clay as Economic Adviser to the Bank in 1935 he is reputed to have told that eminent economist, "Mr. Clay, you are here not to tell us what to do but to explain to us why we have done it." There is a lot to be said for *that* way of treating economists.

The Radcliffe report marks one more stage in the dominance of political expediences over "sound money"—another reason for investing in equities.

— LOMBARD LANE



In the Country

Multiplication Problem

I AM not feeling well disposed towards Dionysius. Fecundity may be all very well in moderation but my experience is that Nature is fertile to a fault. She breeds by habit, multiplies by instinct; her only purpose is proliferation, her sole plan is to reproduce and swamp you with her beastly progeny.

Take bees for instance. A few years ago I acquired a hive of these senseless assiduous insects because I thought that watching their unremitting industry would make my sloth seem all the sweeter in comparison. Lolling in my hammock I liked to glance across the lawn and observe the stream of winged coolies fetching and carrying honey from my neighbour's clover into my hive. The busier they were, the more I relished my unproductive inactivity. Long after these gluttons for work had stored enough honey for their own need during the winter, they laboured on from dawn to sunset with greed as their only guide gathering more honey for me. I gloated over their stupidity and applauded their silly ideal of Full Employment. But I had forgotten that bees have another habit: they breed. I find that whereas I once had one hive, I now have eleven. The hobby has become a tyranny. This year, the hammock is empty: I spend my time fetching and carrying for the bees: more foundation to be added to one

hive, a queen to be inserted into another, this swarm to be collected, that to be fed, housed and generally tended. My serfs have become my masters: it's their turn to gloat, especially since nobody seems to want to buy bees from me.

So it is too with my strawberry plants. Some wretch who called himself a friend to me gave me a couple of dozen plants only a year ago. The fruit was delicious but their progeny is pernicious. Each plant gave easy birth to five or six runners. I should have been ruthless and put them on the compost heap or, better still, presented them to some theatrical enemy. Foolishly, I planted them out. Whereas I had two rows to hoe, I now have nine to manure, pinch out, hoe, straw and net. Another hobby has become a burden merely because Nature knows no restraint.

I am beginning to have an increasing respect for people who enjoy owning such things as cars. At least they don't go into the garage one morning and find a dozen thirsty automobiles squawking up at them—which is the sort of thing my old sow has just done to me.

— RONALD DUNCAN

☆

"HIGHEST prices paid for shotguns.—
Arcade Pet Store, High Street, Uxbridge."
Buckinghamshire Advertiser

R.S.P.C.A. on to this?

Madame Elégante

THE time is a little before noon, some six or eight weeks from now.

To be exact, it is five minutes to twelve on the day when autumn's first sharp frost cuts down the dahlias. Madame Elégante is just coming out of Isabelle Lancray's *Institut de Beauté* in the Rue François I, where she has been acquiring the new season's *maquillage gouache*; and she is crossing the road to Balmain's for a fitting. Already Madame is dressed in a new autumn ensemble, and indeed she epitomizes in her person the look and line of the coming fashions: she is a *précis* of all we saw at the openings of the Paris Collections, *Automne-Hiver, 1959-1960*.

Yes, 1960 . . . we are approaching a new decade. We are passing, not altogether painlessly, from the 'fifties to the 'sixties. Madame Elégante will, a hundred years hence, be of great interest to the social historian because she is 'The Woman of 1960. She is also of immediate personal importance to us all because what she is wearing, and her manner of looking, is going to influence what we shall wear and how we shall look for some time to come, whether we realize it or not.

Madame's appearance is mondaine, mature; for the *couturiers* have consciously added some ten years to her age this season. She is the *femme de quarante ans*. There is a pervasion of cultivated elegance about her that disdains the youthful chic with which she charmed her escorts only this summer when she was, surely, not a day more than thirty. Her hair, which was then softly *bouffant*, is now drawn back from her ears and piled up into Alexandre's upswept *Coiffure Vamp*. The brow is bare without one softening wisp or tendril. There is no compromise to prettiness, no nebulous wisps of millinery veiling. As to her face, the natural look which this summer she cultivated with a minimum of make-up has now given place to the frankly artificial: the skin, no longer translucent, has a flat opaque pallor; the lips, which were pale wild-rose, are now a rich earth-red. Her brows are strongly arched, her lids deeply shadowed as grottoes; and from

FOR
WOMEN



behind an ambuscade of mascara the eyes glow out with a hidden fire, lit—who can doubt it?—by a secret flame.

This look will be modified for Knightsbridge. But Madame's silhouette, without modification, is the one which all well-dressed women everywhere must have this autumn. With the fall of the year it will be as at the setting of the sun: the shadow cast is longer. This lengthening is achieved by all the devices of the genii of the mode. The top-coat rises with a yawning neck-line; it envelopes the shoulders in many folds and falls cloak-like at the back. The suit jacket is longer than we have been wearing; and the skirt is dropped by an inch or two. A natural waist is just indicated; but the body seems scarcely touched by the lightly caressing fabric. All ornament, all pockets, trimmings, braidings, respect the vertical line. Beads mount the neck in many choker strands; a high and brimless hat tip-tops the bare-browed face. The stockings are dark to carry an unbroken line from skirt to shoes which are bronze of a similar tone. Stiletto heels and pointed toes complete the elongated lady.

* * * * *

If we are so fortunate as to catch sight of Madame Elégante later in the day, she will bear a subtly different mien. Her look, which in the morning was svelte, soignée and, truth to tell, a little hard, is now a little fast. The fact of the matter is that her cocktail dress is from Dior, where it was one of the controversial models of Yves St. Laurent's shock collection. The neck-line plunges to the waist; and a lampshade skirt, tormentedly ruched in taffeta, is drawn into a tight band at the knee. If Madame gets into her auto, which is parked in the Place Vendôme,

we shall have the answer to the disturbing question which troubles us at the Dior presentation: "What happens when one sits?" But no, we are denied that moment of revelation for she is not going towards her car but is mounting the steps to the Ritz—which she does with passable grace considering her shackled knees.

Still later in the evening, gowned for the Opéra, it will be her ankles that are shackled—by a tight sheath skirt, swathed to reveal one leg. And this leg will assuredly be the thing most observed, for she will be wearing Lanvin Castillo's nylons embroidered with jewelled clocks. If she were merely dining out, she would wear a brocade, velvet, or lamé evening suit such as appeared in many of the collections, with straight sheath skirts, calf or ankle-length, and tunic jacket . . . let us call it a Casino Suit.

All these things, and the *robes tuniques* of Gres, and the looped overskirts of so many collections, have a tinge of 1919—of the time of tango teas, of the incognito adventuress, the Casino *inconnue*, the vamp. Even Pierre Cardin, whose collection was more youthful than most and was most admired, had a 1919 atmosphere. Particularly this was so with the evening dresses, most particularly with the evening coiffure . . . one single kiss curl plastered to the cheek! Even Chanel, so changeless over the years with her no variations on a simple theme, showed some brocade evening tunics over sheath skirts. At Maggy Rouff's, the very naming of the models was suggestive of the vamp: *Agent Secret*, *Cocaine*, *Chloroforme*, *Elvire*, *Ines*, *Pistolet*. But fear not, it will be a much modified, non-lethal, neo-vamp who eventually boards the Golden Arrow for London.

— ALISON ADBURGHAM

Bachelor Wife

HAVING rushed into matrimony before the *passe-partout* was dry around my degree certificate, I can answer with authority those charges that a woman's higher education, should she marry, is a waste of time and money. It is nothing of the kind.

A woman who arrives at housewifery via counter, shorthand notebook or conveyor-belt brings cold efficiency into the home. Her grim routine of labour will not vary by a needle's-breadth. While she washes, irons, bakes, shops, cleans and patches I concern myself with the less fundamental but more precious aspects of good living. I arrange flowers (an Arts degree, of course), choose library books, paint pictures for the spare room and think up ways to camouflage my empty hearths in summer. By midday I down such tools as I have taken up (say, fountain-pen or potter's wheel) and go out shopping for the mind, so that for dinner we have *résumés* of all the best films, plays and mannequin parades, as well, of course, as something from a tin. (My education gives me a respect for food in tins. I understand the economics of the thing, that here are first-rate plums or beans or hunks of salmon which exceeded the demand in time of plenty and need not therefore be despised.)

My university years have endowed me with the power of logic. I reason that the curtains are filthy, therefore they must be washed. Irrelevancies such as whether it is the second Monday in the month or a good drying day can no more sway me than the dropped fork which is said (in less educated circles) to presage a female visitor.

I do not smother my family with practical affection. I am less concerned that their underclothes are aired than that they speak good French at Tuesday tea-times. I correct their vowels rather than their badly-knotted ties, and tidy their prose rather than their rooms.

Not all the education in the world, of course, can make a happy home. One needs money as well. And this is where I score again, for I can sit and earn among the toddlers, marking examination-papers, reading for publishers, writing articles on Educated Mothercraft. In times of stress I can

give elocution lessons, or fill tax forms in for the near-illiterate.

Besides, in all those undergraduate years I had my fling. I don't now suffer from the discontent of staying permanently sane; my hour of madness came and went, and I am satisfied. As for the fashion fever that eats up so many housewives' souls and flesh, I grew accustomed in my late, impressionable teens to the drooping-blazer look, and I am still content with that.

Being so well-equipped to sneer at superstition, sales-talk and the confidence trick, my housekeeping money lasts longer than the average. I do not give half-crowns to gypsies lest they cast the evil eye upon my pram, and I send the man with the five-guinea radiogram about his business. What more could a husband ask?

And indeed, what more could a nation ask than that its wives and mothers should be all like me; not writing silly notes to overworked Headmasters (though perhaps an occasional learned one peppered with Latin quotations), not voting solely for a handsome face (though possibly for an educated accent), not boycotting foreign imports from mistaken loyalty (but buying them for cheapness)?

No; my higher education was not wasted. It has enriched the town with gossip ("Who does she think she is . . .?" etc.); it has produced two children who do not care a fig about the eleven-plus, and it has helped to put a Liberal in power, which will, in time, make all the difference in the world to all the world.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

Fairy Gold

UP the hill to Highgate,
Down to W. 10,
Housewives go a-hunting
In search of Little Men:
Cheap ones, steep ones,
Arty (crafty, too),
Functional, traditional—
Chacune son goût.

Do you want a bedroom
Redolent of Sin?
A breakfast-nook? A *patio*?
He can fit it in.
"Shall we say on Tuesday week?"
Sucker answers, "Done!"
But always, when the hanger comes,
The painter's not begun.

If you're doing over
I'll give you all the gen:
However cheap they've been before
Beware of Little Men.
Catch them on the up-grade
And drop them on the rise—
Or when you get the bills in
You won't believe your eyes.

Up to Crystal Palace,
Down to dim West Ken.,
I go no more a-hunting
In search of Little Men.
When something simply *must* be done
For Harridge's I send:
It's madly unoriginal
But cheaper in the end.

— KATHARINE DOWLING

☆

"Everyone knows that British stewardesses' legs are the finest on any airline anywhere in the world . . ."—B.E.A. spokesman

How?





BOOKING OFFICE

Ross of the New Yorker

The Years with Ross. James Thurber.
Hamish Hamilton, 18/-

HAROLD ROSS, who edited the *New Yorker* from its foundation in 1925 until his death in 1951, was an improbable, almost an impossible figure. How a man with so many glaring defects managed to create the brilliantly successful magazine, out of nothing apparently but his own enthusiasm and dedicated perfectionist zeal, is one of the major mysteries of journalism, and remains so in spite of this psychiatric post-mortem conducted by his great henchman James Thurber. Ross was a lousy administrator and in most matters an ignoramus. He handled his staff poorly, forever hiring and firing in quest of a miracle man to operate the "system." He knew little of literature, read nothing but submitted manuscripts

and had no real interest in the arts. "He never knew," says Thurber, "exactly what he was after, since he didn't have much self-knowledge and was afraid of introspection, but I think he hoped it would be as shining as the Holy Grail . . ." Once, when E. B. White, at the end of his tether, told the editor he was quitting, "Ross paced his office all afternoon and then got White on the 'phone at his apartment. 'You can't quit,' he roared. 'This isn't a magazine—it's a Movement!'"

Thurber does not say so but I suspect that the secret of Ross's success was his changeless, catalytic unobtrusiveness. New York needed a forum for its literary sophisticates; Ross supplied it. He set such standards that all were proud to contribute and to put up with infuriating over-editing, administrative inefficiency, even inadequate pay. And as the paper improved—as miraculously it did—the credit accumulated in the editor's lap. "They laughed," Ross might have said, "when I sat down at my desk to edit . . . but, oh, the applause when they realized I could handle the thing." Had Ross been a literary figure in his own right, a contributor, an artist or essayist, it is unlikely that his bunch of celebrities would have accepted his guidance with such good grace, his fearful boorish treatment with such amused detachment. Nobody was jealous of Ross and nobody wanted anyone else to step into his shoes. In a way he held office much as Clem Attlee ruled the Labour Party.

I met Ross once only, shortly after the war, and at the Algonquin of course. I liked him. At that time he referred to his team of all the talents as "my bunch of dipsos." He began his meal, I remember, by arranging boxes of pills strategically round his plate, like a time-and-motion study expert. Wolcott Gibbs and Sam Cobean, both now dead, were also there.

Thurber's wonderfully entertaining and instructive memoir (for which we are in a measure indebted to Charles Morton of the *Atlantic*: it was Morton who drove Thurber to put Ross on

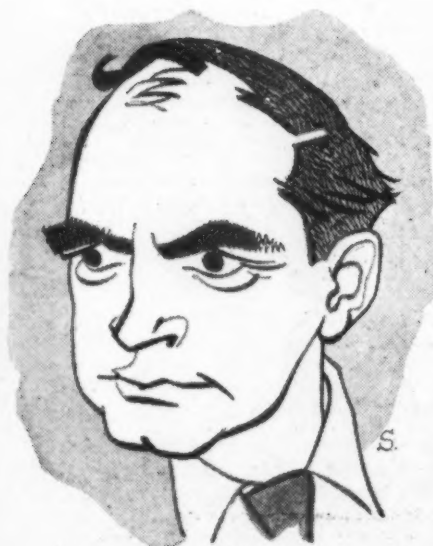
paper) is liberally decorated with Rossisms—from "Well, God bless you, McNulty, goddam it" and "Thurber's over at the Algonquin lacing 'em in. He's the only *drinking* blind man I know," to the strange tale of the sacking of Peter Arno. One night at the Players Club one of Ross's minions asked "How am I doing at the office?" and Ross, emboldened by Scotch, snapped "You're fired!" "Then to cover his embarrassment, he blustered that he was going to get Peter Arno on the 'phone and fire him too. It was way after midnight, and Ross's call aroused Arno from sleep. He promptly bawled Ross out and ordered him never to wake him up again."

Ross's death hit the *New Yorker* boys hard, and there were many who thought—so enchanted were they by the Ross legend—that the magazine would inevitably perish with him. Liebling and the more level-headed were not so gloomy. To the question "What happens to the *New Yorker* now?" he answered, "The same thing as happened to analysis when Freud died."

There are numerous pictures by Thurber to add to the light relief.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

POETS' CORNER



17. CHRISTOPHER FRY

NEW FICTION

New Orleans Sketches. William Faulkner.
Sidgwick and Jackson, 15/-

The Magic Christian. Terry Southern.
Deutsch, 11/6

The Children. James Vance Marshall.
Joseph, 12/6

A Light in the Sky. John Comley. *Heinemann*, 15/-

HOW many Faulkner admirers in this country know that the author became permanent postmaster at the University of Mississippi in the spring of 1922, resigning this position in October 1924; that he once wrote a play called *Marionettes* and "published" it himself in hand-lettered booklets, illustrated after the manner of Beardsley; also an allegorical novel entitled *Mayday*, with a protagonist called Sir Galwyn of Arthgyl, which was never published but was illustrated with his own paintings; or that Sherwood Anderson wrote of him:

"Life may be at times infinitely vulgar. Bill never is"?

Professor Carvel Collins' most absorbing introduction to these early pieces contains many more items of information of this sort; the sketches themselves, originally published in 1925 in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and a magazine called *The Double Dealer* (which seems also to have printed everyone else), are invaluable to anybody wishing to trace the Nobel prizewinner's development through his various phases, many of which are more than foreshadowed here: the idiot from *The Sound and the Fury* clasp a broken narcissus in his boot-legger brother's car; a gangster flicking a match like Popeye on his thumbnail; countrymen whittling and spitting on the veranda of the store; the meditation of a priest tormented by fleshly images, like the one in *Mistral*; Faulkner himself musing, à la Gavin Stevens, on the mutability of mankind. There are many stylistic experiments: self-consciously jewelled prose; vernacular interior monologues showing already a mastery not always reflected in the dialogue (though the locutions of the English mate in *Yo Ho and Two Bottles of Rum* are, as usual, unusually correct for an American writer); and, to boot, at least three excellent short stories: especially *Sunset*, about a negro who expects to reach Africa on a river-boat bound for Natchez.

Mr. Southern's almost alarmingly brilliant first novel seemed to be a presage of something really new: unfortunately its successor merely leans over backwards in an effort to maintain this reputation for originality. Little more than a long-short story, it chronicles the "jokes" played at enormous expense by an American billionaire on accepted public myths: some of them in even more dubious taste than the sham social values which he seeks to undermine. They include a spoof luxury liner (eventually steered under full steam into the 47th Street Pier); "deodorants" which cause people to stink; inserting incongruous sequences in popular films; promenading a panther at a dog-show; stirring thousands of hundred-dollar bills into a vat of burning filth; causing race-riots which he observes while sky-writing obscenely from a helicopter, etc. Accounts of the "jokes" alternate with short excerpts from a visit paid by "Grand Guy" Grand to two elderly aunts and their obese pekinese-loving friend: presumably symbolizing American womanhood. This novelist's next may, however, reassure us that *Flash and Filigree* was not simply a flash in the pan.

Mr. Vance Marshall's beautifully-written tale of a brother and sister (aged eight and thirteen, respectively) lost after an air-crash in the Australian bush has some of the magic of the *Swiss Family Robinson*: the relationship between the children and the Aboriginal boy who helps to guide them across the desert is also poignantly defined. There are

fascinating details of flora and fauna: the tree of sorrow; quondong fruit; Jesus birds; platypus at play; baked wallaby; yabbies ("diminutive crayfish of the bush") roasted on fire-heated stones for breakfast . . . Definitely one to suit readers of all ages.

By contrast, *A Light in the Sky*, despite its thirty-year-old author's painstaking reconstruction of Ireland during the "troubles," seems derivative and artificial: a blend of O'Flaherty and Graham Greene. Notwithstanding the publishers' contradictory statement, one feels that there has been enough Irish literature concerning this period without Englishmen getting into the act as well.

— J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Hellenism. Arnold J. Toynbee. *Home University Library, O.U.P.*, 7/6

This is a brilliant essay on the rise, spread and decline of Hellenic civilization incorporated with a summary of ancient history. The essay is full of generalizing gusto and the Toynbean range of historical parallels; there is a good deal about Peru. The summary just misses being a miracle of condensation; but pages of pellucid explanation are followed by a slab as crammed with proper names, wars and treaties as any Victorian textbook, so the vision is tarnished and the exhilaration turns to plodding.

Professor Toynbee sees Hellenism liberating primitive man from the tyranny of the family only to deliver him to the idolatry of the local State, and he devotes a good deal of space to successive fragmentations into City States of the ancient and early mediæval world. The final sentence of the book is a warning against the revival of political Hellenism to-day. The maps are poor but the bibliography contains a number of very new books. No criticisms must mask the fact that this is one of the most distinguished essays in the Home University Library.

— R. G. G. P.

A Century of Humorous Verse. Ed. by Roger Lancelyn Green. *Dent, Everyman's Library*, 8/6

No anthology can please everyone, especially where humour is concerned. The middle-aged may enjoy Mr. Green's selection of comic verse, but younger readers are likely to find it very square. Mr. Green confesses to some diffidence about contemporary writers; but in a collection intended to range from 1850 to 1950 it is a bit mean to admit only eighteen items (out of some three hundred) written in the last twenty-five years, and only eight of those in the last ten—five of them by Ogden Nash and one by the editor. It seems inconceivable that anyone embarking on a work of this kind could have overlooked the claims of Roy Campbell, Justin Richardson, J. B. Morton, P. M. Hubbard, R. P. Lister or Phyllis McGinley, or have



included nothing by E. V. Knox later than 1924 or by Sir Alan Herbert later than 1922.

— B. A. Y.

T. H. Huxley. Cyril Bibby. *Watts*, 25/-

The Huxley family combination of versatility, gaiety and fluency is suspect in an age that worships concentration of energy, except in Sir Winston Churchill. Dr. Bibby spends his space on Huxley the educational theorist and wire-puller, though his few pages on Huxley the methodologist make one wish the book had been long enough to cover this side of his work in detail.

T. H. Huxley was not merely a controversialist who popularized Darwin's discoveries and wrote articles in magazines about Universities and Religion and everything under the sun and ran every committee going; his work on Scientific Education in Britain, which he more or less invented, was as original a contribution to the social sciences as his work on mammalian taxonomy was to the biological sciences. Dr. Bibby's quotations from his journalism show how unfairly his prose has been obscured by Shaw's. This learned and thorough study is not very well arranged or strikingly written; but it is useful and interesting. Sir Julian and Mr. Aldous Huxley each contribute a preface.

— R. G. G. P.

The Jazz Scene. Francis Newton. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 21/-

As one might expect from the jazz critic of the *New Statesman*, this book heavily stresses the left-wing aspects of jazz. Mr. Newton writes very well about the people who play (and listen to) jazz and why they play it, and about the people who make money out of it. The book is less original than its publishers claim; much of it is familiar stuff, and the historical part is well covered in Rudi Blesh's *Shining Trumpets*. Yet it

is an ideal book for the layman who wants to find out what jazz is all about. Let him not be put off by the hideous jacket, the occasional partisan statement ("a Marxist approach is widespread in Anglo-Saxon jazz criticism"), the careless notes in Chapter 4, or the reference to the "Handel Trumpet Voluntary." As compensation for these there are some excellent photographs by Roger Mayne, including one of the Aldermaston march. It is that sort of book.

— G. L. P.

The Best Short Stories of Ring Lardner.

Edited with an Introduction by Alan Ross.
Chatto and Windus, 21/-

A long overdue collection of the acutely observed, uncompromisingly savage glimpses of America in the 'twenties by the sporting journalist with a gift he never quite controlled. Without Lardner's influence it is doubtful if we would have had O'Hara, Salinger, Saroyan; beside him, Runyon is a pale and sickly shadow. But why no stories from *You Know Me, Al*? — A. A.

Poets in Their Letters. Cecil S. Emden.

Oxford, 21/-

This is an attempt to assess the characters of nine poets—Pope, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats and Fitzgerald—from their letters. "We have no need," writes Mr. Emden of Coleridge, "to be eager to adopt a judicial attitude in regard to these questions"; but he blames him for failing to change out of wet clothes, and goes on to balance this heavy accusation with "If, then, so many friends could

remain constant to him for so many years, we should hesitate before giving rein to our exasperation at his moral debility." How could we dare to feel exasperated, when it was almost certainly this "moral debility" that produced *Kubla Khan*?

Mr. Emden's book is no less irritating for being tediously fair. He writes as if he were a long-winded Victorian governess humourlessly reporting from the seaside on the moral behaviour of her charges. His solemnity is crushing. Do we seriously care if Wordsworth left minor business to his women, or behaved badly on a grounded steamer?

— E. O. D. K.

Phoenix Re-born. Maurice Burton.

Hutchinson, 25/-

That birds derive some kind of satisfaction, amounting at times to ecstasy, from the simple action of picking up an ant in their beaks and wiping it along the outer edges of their primary feathers, at the same time arching the wings forwards and twisting the tail sideways, is a fact sufficiently well known to those who care for such things. None the less, it is odd. It is even odder to learn that they frequently "ant," as ornithologists call this curious behaviour pattern, when there are no ants about—which means good-bye to the old theory that what they were really doing was secreting the ants in their plumage for later consumption off the premises. Birds have also been seen to be stimulated in the same way by small blackbeetles, lemon pulp, sumack berries, leaves of the pussytoe, walnut juice, vinegar, beer, hot chocolate, freshwater shrimps, cigar stubs, lighted

cigarettes and matches, and burning straw. Dr. Maurice Burton, who has made an intensive study of these matters, is particularly interested in the addiction of some birds to fire, believing that the ancient legend of the Phoenix may have had its origin in this practice. His interesting book contains photographs of a tame rook adopting extremely Phoenix-like postures on a heap of burning straw. Just *why* birds behave in so zany a manner, nobody yet knows. — H. F. E.

CREDIT BALANCE

Pueblo. Michel-Droit. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 16/-. Novel about uncertainties of gifted young Indian, in New Mexico reservation, torn between mysticism of ancient race and pull of White education. Writing less interesting than subject.

Primitive Peoples To-day. Edward Weyer. *Hamish Hamilton*, 63/-. The customs and cultures of fourteen tribes, ranging from Eskimos to the Australian Aruntas. The two-hundred-odd photographs, some in colour, are superb.

AT THE PLAY

King Lear (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)
Quartet for Five (THE ARTS)

GLEN BYAM SHAW, to whom Stratford owes so much, retires at the end of this season, and its final production is fittingly his. It is characteristically honest and straightforward, and if as a *Lear* it is one of the oddest we have seen the reason lies in the personality and physical attributes of Charles Laughton, who makes no attempt to capture grandeur or majesty. His snow-white hair and beard form an almost complete circle round a pudgy face of the utmost benignity, giving him the



King Lear—CHARLES LAUGHTON

(King Lear)

REP SELECTION

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *The Long the Short and the Tall*, until August 29th.

Bromley Rep, *Flowering Cherry*, until August 29th.

Salisbury Playhouse, *Blithe Spirit*, until August 29th.

Oxford Playhouse, *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, until August 29th.

air of an innocent Father Christmas. His voice is so small that it could not possibly have competed with the sound effects commonly turned on for the heath scene; Mr. Byam Shaw lets Motley suggest the storm, and rations the heavens to one moderate roll of thunder (a successful experiment—some of the best lines in the play can be lost in the monsoon by the loudest Lear). Even Mr. Laughton's paternal rage is on a

diminished scale. The blistering fulminations against Goneril and Regan are spoken so quietly that he seems determined at all costs to keep control.

Add that he speaks the verse almost as prose, occasionally throwing whole lines away in a near-gabble, and it is clear that all this makes for an unconventional Lear, to say the least. And yet I can only report that he moved me strangely; not with the tragedy of a great mind cracking but with the pathos of a bewildered, very human, quite ordinary old man. He distils a gentle, childlike sincerity; one can feel enormously sorry for his Lear, as one has never dared to feel sorry before. Admittedly this is a distortion and reduction of Shakespeare's purpose, but I for one am very glad to have experienced it.

I have known more formidable Wicked Sisters than those of Angela Baddeley and Stephanie Bidmead, but I liked the firmness of Zoe Caldwell's Cordelia, and the authority with which she came back from France. Anthony Nicholls, who has given one distinguished performance after another this season, is a fine Kent, and Cyril Luckham a Gloucester of ripe diplomacy; Robert Hardy a handsomely crooked Edmund; Albert Finney an Edgar too elaborately mock-mad, and Ian Holm a Fool too stylized, like a puppet. It was an amusing idea to let Julian Glover's Albany speak with a backwoods accent.

Motley have done both sets and dresses, simply and well, but their demonstration of the mechanical catapult for siege warfare is far from impressive.

La Bonne Anna, by Marc Camoletti, had a good run in Paris, and one sees why. Its plot has a nice geometrical pattern and sharper situations than are normally at the disposal of bedroom comedies. Its husband and wife have a mistress and a lover, and both couples return to the conjugal flat believing it empty. The maid is also there unexpectedly, and she dexterously keeps them apart through a harassing evening until, at a crisis in both affairs, she contrives to patch up the marriage and pack the two intruders off, hand-in-hand. Naturally it is assumed that the laws of acoustics operating in a small flat are utterly suspended.

The special combination of pace and balance needed by this kind of romp is rare on this side of the Channel. As *Quartet for Five* Warren Tute has adapted the play fairly skilfully, but though the cast at the Arts are game, their performance is only approximate. Graham Crowden as the husband comes much the closest to what is wanted, and

PUNCH IN THE THEATRE

The "Punch in the Theatre" Exhibition is at the Gateway, Edinburgh.



I'm All Right, Jack

Major Hitchcock—TERRY-THOMAS
Aunt Dolly—MARGARET RUTHERFORD

Stanley Windrush—IAN CARMICHAEL
Cynthia Kite—LIZ FRAZER

after him David Stoll, whose ham-handed lover has a pleasing way of deflating romance.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Aspern Papers (Queen's—19/8/59), Michael Redgrave brilliant in his own adaptation of Henry James. *The Ring of Truth* (Savoy—12/8/59), wise domestic comedy. *Look After Lulu!* (Royal Court—12/8/59), Feydeau transplanted by Coward.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

I'm All Right, Jack
Holiday for Lovers

TO advertise *I'm All Right, Jack* (Director: John Boulting) with the line "The 'Private's Progress' shower are back!" is misleading, and will even put off some people who would enjoy it. It is *not* a repetition of the old effects made in the earlier Boulting Brothers comedies with Ian Carmichael (the other two were *Brothers in Law* and *Lucky Jim*). It is an excellent comedy on its own, with fresh ideas of its own, and in my opinion it is very much better than any of the other three.

True, the story (from Alan Hackney's novel, serialized in these pages, which was published as *Private Life*) introduces other characters from the earlier film besides Mr. Carmichael as the central "innocent," Stanley Windrush. He finds that the personnel manager in the

factory where he gets a job is his old Major, Hitchcock (Terry-Thomas), and Uncle Bertram's flashy friend Cox, boss of another factory, is the Cox he knew in the Army (Richard Attenborough). These players, like Mr. Carmichael himself, have not much chance to make an individual comic impression; but some of the others are able to, above all Peter Sellers. His portrait of Mr. Kite the shop steward, funny as it is, goes far beyond mere superficial caricature. It is comically heightened to a point just below the level of absurdity: this man remains a believable human being, and there is even a brief scene in which we feel genuine sympathy for him.

The basic situation is that the young man's eager efforts to do well at his job are used by unscrupulous bosses to foment a strike after which they are to divide the profits from a take-over bid. This framework gives opportunities for satirical comment on innumerable things in the news, apart from strikes and take-over bids. Demarcation disputes, outrage at the idea of time and motion study, the advantage of having two different unions for workers in the same line, the paying of "redundant" employees to do nothing, the rewards of arms manufacture, governmental caution—these are some of the more important; but a host of minor ones are dealt with incidentally, among them the silly TV advertisement jingle, various details of factory life including the works bookie and the last-minute stamped to clock in, the disregarded notices, the press (reporters, photographers, editorial opinion and

public reaction), the TV panel programme . . . There are laughs everywhere, based on reality and by implication critical, and there are amusing sketches of character everywhere; but the outstanding figure is certainly Mr. Sellers.

The faults of *Holiday for Lovers* (Director: Henry Levin) are evident enough: calculated commercial emphasis on obvious, more or less irrelevant spectacle and song from various parts of South America (the underlying reason for which may, I suppose, be very much the same as the one for all those supplements in *The Times*), easy sentimentality, gross over-simplification of incident and motive. These faults may be enough to damn it for you. Nevertheless, it has an astonishing amount of good and amusing detail in dialogue and characterization.

Not that the characters are unusual or, in essentials, more than types; but many of them are allowed to establish themselves as characters in a fashion that in detail is fresh, entertaining, often funny. Similarly, although the story in essentials is contrived hokum, the details of many of its component scenes are admirably and pleasingly done. All this of course is a matter of script (Luther Davis, from a play by Ronald Alexander) and direction. I have often tried to emphasize the fact that a basically commercial picture can be made quite enjoyable by intelligent, imaginative, perceptive detail; and this is one that has been. Tiny scenes like the midnight telephone-call with the girl coming into her parents' bedroom and distracting her father as he answers it, or the off-hand talk among the bored men in the Air Force radar station, or the encounter with the brash noisy couple at the airport—scenes as well done and amusing as these are numerous enough to keep one constantly entertained even if one is totally uninterested in the story, or the holiday tour of Sao Paulo, Rio and Lima, or the

songs and dances. Not a good film, no; but entertainment by no means empty.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there is also a new Western, *Last Train from Gun Hill*, fairly conventional (though, again, with touches of good detail), but visually splendid in VistaVision and Technicolor. Tati's *Mon Oncle* (12/8/59), and *I Want to Live* (12/8/59) continue, and *This Earth is Mine* (19/8/59) which I found very much more interesting than the usual Hollywood "epic." *The Scapegoat* (19/8/59) is not a success.

One of the releases is *Holiday for Lovers* (see above). Another is *The Bridal Path*, which has bright moments among the simple obvious fun and wobbly Scots accents. — RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Tonight's the Night

I DIDN'T know, until "Tonight" let me into the secret, that the men who take their weekly tubs at municipal baths indulge in foam and bubble preparations. No doubt about it: the cameras were right there in the cubicles nosing down upon the wallowing bathers, and only the art of the soap manufacturer screened the viewer from the revealing transparency of corporation H₂O. Even so, there was plenty to see—far more than one glimpses in the bubble-baths of Hollywood ballyhoo. "Tonight" is very daring, and very clever. I should like to know something of the background of this item, how Fyfe Robertson managed to get the customers to pose for him, how the cameras and their crews got into the cubicles, and of course how he introduced the bubble preparations into the ablutionary fluids.

This bit of documentary coverage (if, indeed, that is the word) is typical of "Tonight's" capacity for surprise and

ingenuity. The programme remains the best thing on television because above all it is entertaining, and it is entertaining because while almost every item gleams with the authority born of careful balanced preparation and expert presentation the general effect of the symposium on the viewer is of participating in a lucky dip. "Tonight" does not disguise its efforts to appeal as widely as possible. Its interviewers sound off in every kind of accent, from broad Cockney, through Welsh and Scotch to pure Portland Place. There is, however, no American spoken here for which I for one am grateful. Heading the outfit is Cliff Michelmore, who speaks good man-to-man saloon-bar English with flattened vowels and artfully dropped aitches.

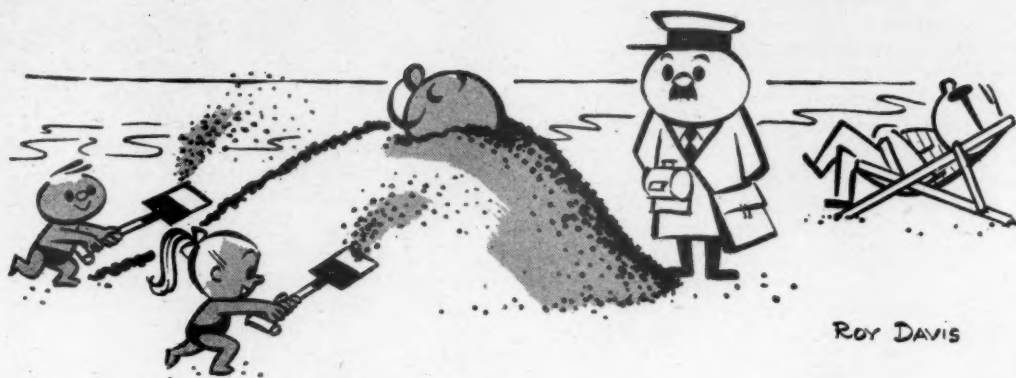
"Tonight" interviews are ruthless at times to the point of downright rudeness, so much so that I often wonder why the victims allow themselves to be cornered into the hot seat. I suppose it must be that people who enjoy the limelight will put up with anything rather than suffer obscurity, and that Donald Baverstock and company are well aware of this fact. Charlatans of all sorts are given a terrible grilling, and poseurs from the world of art and letters take third-degree hammerings at the hands of Derek Hart and Geoffrey Johnson Smith that make the memory of McCarthyism seem like a confirmation class catechism.

The programme is at its best in its film reports, in particular its reports on the social scene in Britain. Baverstock has discovered that there is rich entertainment and interest to be devised from quiet camera observation of the ordinary daily round—the journey to work, shopping, pubbing, bathing and so on—and by lacing his commentaries with good satirical humour he is often able to speak volumes of needed common sense. Politically the programme is scrupulously independent. It is however unashamedly progressive and gleefully disrespectful of dogma and unserviceable tradition. For my money "Tonight" is the "must" of all the nightly offerings of the little box.

When I last mentioned Professor Jimmy Edwards it was to damn his first Chiselbury series with the faintest praise. I still find the professor's scholastic larks rather unfunny and sadly repetitive, but I must say a kind word about "Music for Jim," a Sunday night special featuring Edwards the musician and clown. Looking strangely like an appallingly robust Adrian Boult he conducted, played (piano, trombone and euphonium), sang, chewed his baton, pulled a pint from a drum, smashed through the rostrum and jollied the whole programme along with wonderful buffoonery. I remember being vastly amused by Edwards years ago when he was hitting the TV jackpot for the first time with his muscular musicianship, and I am delighted to see him scoring so heavily in the old routine.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





Our Man in Zenda

By CLAUD COCKBURN

WHAT went wrong in Ruritania? Hundreds of thousands of readers of the account of events there by the late Anthony Hope in *The Prisoner of Zenda* have asked themselves that question. It appears amazing that such proceedings, in which basic principles of democracy were repeatedly flouted, should have been accepted without protest by Western public opinion.

To the modern student the explanation is simple. *The Press was not represented.* Under-estimating the importance of Ruritania as a potential trouble spot, Fleet Street did not rush teams of Special Correspondents to Strelsau. Our Men were not effectively in Zenda.

One newspaperman was, in fact, on the spot. This was disclosed last week when a bundle of faded telegraph forms bearing his original dispatches was put up to auction by a Mr. Henzo, who owns a lingerie shop in Los Angeles and claims to be an illegitimate grandson of Rupert of Hentzau.

Unfortunately all the messages were seized by the Post Office authorities, acting under the orders of the sinister and equivocal Colonel Sapt. And it is significant that Lord Topham, the British Ambassador, apparently found no reason to protest against this treatment of a "mere" journalist.

Yet on a vague rumour that Mr. Rassendyll, "a man of some position" and brother to Lord Topham, was "missing," Lord Topham waved the Old School Tie to such effect that the

Strelsau Police Chief in person went dashing off to Zenda to take the matter up with the King.

The elderly Ambassador's ignorance of what was really going on was, it is to be feared, all too typical of some of those upon whom the Foreign Office is wont to rely for its information. To keep open house in Grosvenor Square for idle socialites, as Lord Topham did—Rassendyll himself had been to dances there "more than a score of times"—is no substitute for a sound knowledge of social and economic conditions. No wonder that in Hope's account Topham is referred to as being "blind as a bat."

The Correspondent evidently arrived in Ruritania on the eve of the coronation of Rudolf V. It must have been immediately apparent to everyone (except of course Lord Topham) that the country was on the verge of civil war. However, he found awaiting him at his hotel a service message from his Foreign Editor which is preserved together with his own dispatches. It said "Need good woman story exStrelsau urgentest."

Responding immediately, he wrote: "Strelsau Tuesday. Pale, lovely, red-headed Princess Flavia of Ruritania to-night faces a vital decision.

"Wearing hip-level gossamer-sheer nylons and wide-brimmed off-beat boater in olive green chip straw, she has to make up her mind which of two highly eligible suitors is really, truly 'Mr. Right.'

"It's a decision many a girl has to make—but for shy, easy-blushing Flavia

there's a difference. For her choice lies between tall, red-haired Rudolf, the as yet uncrowned King of Ruritania, and red-cheeked, black-haired Duke Michael of Strelsau. And it's an open secret here that her choice may decide the future of the monarchy itself.

"From my on-the-spot position here I can report that the Ruritarians are not English. Hot-blooded to the point of mania, they are prepared, should the Princess choose Michael, to rise and place him on Rudolf's throne."

In a clumsily coded private message which he hoped, vainly, would baffle Colonel Sapt, the Correspondent added "Learn Rudolf notorious boozehound Michael homicidal thug. What's our angle?" This never got through, but he received anyway a guidance message from the Editor next day which said "Unwant woman stories. Need urgentest story indicating democratic elements Ruritania rally strongly support policy British Prime Minister."

Momentarily embittered, Our Special Correspondent dispatched a service message saying "Only democratic elements known to me here have both been arrested by Colonel Sapt." Later, pulling himself together, he wrote:

"Strelsau. Tuesday. With feudal pomp Rudolf V of Ruritania rode through this city today to his coronation. And close beside him rode the Government's 'mystery man,' bullet-headed Colonel Sapt. I noticed that his small blue eyes were a trifle bloodshot." (Historian Hope noticed the same thing).

"In the posh streets of the new town, and from the balconies of luxury homes, socialities and high military 'brass' cheered wildly. But the ordinary folk of Strelsau showed a degree of open

hostility amazing in what is virtually a police state.

"Typical was the retort of one staunchly democratic citizen when someone in the crowd remarked that 'the King looks paler than his wont.' Quick as a flash, with the characteristically mordant wit of the true Strelsauer, came the reply 'You'd look pale if you lived as he does.'

"Whenever I showed my British passport people were eager to explain to me in sign language that they regarded the British Prime Minister as their true leader. 'He will save England by his exertions and Europe by his example,' one pretty girl conveyed to me by means of vigorous nods and shrugs."

On the following day he got a service message from Editor reading "Suggest urgentest story absolutely denying British agents active Ruritanian political affairs. Indicate democratic movement under Michael entirely spontaneous against Rudolf, probable puppet foreign power."

As a result "Strelsau. Wednesday. British leadership to-night faces a challenge in this key territory of Europe.

"An all-out slander campaign is in progress. With the aim of discrediting the democrats led by Duke Michael

and gay, forward-looking Rupert Hentzau, reports are being spread that they have kidnapped the King and are holding him in a dungeon at Zenda.

"At the same time, obviously alarmed by the tremendous prestige here of the British Prime Minister, our enemies are circulating a story that a British agent, disguised as the King, is not only running the country but seeking to win the favours of hot-blooded impetuous Princess Flavia.

"At Zenda this afternoon I satisfied myself that there is no question of the King being on the premises. With delightful informality Rupert Hentzau himself took me round, chatting the while of his main interests, which are cricket and the football pools.

"Noting my glance at a curiously-shaped funnel leading from a small window in the castle wall to the moat, he laughed heartily and said 'I suppose they imagine the King's inside the room and the funnel is to push his dead body down. Actually it's part of a new air-conditioning system we're trying out.'

"I asked him what could be done to put a stop to such absurd yet damaging anti-British rumours as the story of a British agent impersonating the King.

"Without a moment's hesitation he

gave it as his frank opinion that a loan of £100 million would do the trick almost overnight.

"In an effort to kill these rumours dead, Lord Topham to-night took the unusual step of giving me a statement for direct quotation. 'Britain,' he stated, 'does not employ agents of that type. In my opinion the whole ridiculous tale is based simply on the fact that the King is the spitting image of a man called Rudolf Rassendyll who recently arrived in this country in mysterious circumstances, was seen in the company of Colonel Sapt, and has since disappeared. The fact that the entire personality of the King seems to have undergone a sharp change since that moment has probably contributed to the rumour.'"

Foreign Editor to Special Correspondent: "In fully documented statement to News Agencies distinguished historian Anthony Hope fully confirms that King was kidnapped and R. Rassendyll impersonated him on throne. All other papers carry this as main front page story. Explain urgentest."

Colonel Sapt to Foreign Editor: "Your Correspondent has asked be placed under protective arrest until further notice. States prefers dungeon to Fleet Street in circumstances. Am acceding his request."



DOUGLAS.

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